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Selections.

THE EMANCIPATED SOUTH CAROLINIANS.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Times.

HILTON HEAD, PORT ROYAL, S. C.,
Monday, Dec. 23, 1861.

THERE are now in Beaufort District, alone, I am informed by official personages, nearly 16,000 slaves, whose masters have fled, and Beaufort District is but a small portion of the country at present in our hands. I have accompanied a number of the reconnoissances made in all directions from this post, both by sea and land; have witnessed the exploration of the country from Tybee Island on the south, to North Edisto on the north, an extent of at least sixty miles, and have penetrated as far into the interior, on some of these excursions, as our troops have yet gone. Everywhere I find the same state of things existing; everywhere the blacks hurry in droves to our lines; they crowd in small boats around our ships; they swarm upon our decks; they hurry to our officers, from the cotton-houses of their masters, in an hour or two after our guns are fired. I am writing now, not what I have heard, but what I have seen. I am not sending you opinions, or conclusions at which I have arrived, but facts that I have observed. I mean each statement I make to be taken literally; it is not garnished for rhetorical effect, but put into such a form as will most exactly convey to the mind of a reader the impression made on me. I have seen negroes who reported themselves as just escaped from their masters, who came breathless to our forces, and said they dared not go back, for their masters would kill them; who told that their masters were at that moment armed and threatening to shoot any slave that did not fly with them; who declared they had tricked their owners and came away in boats that they were bidden to take back to the whites. I have talked with drivers and field-hands, with house-maids and coachmen and body-servants, who were apparently as eager to escape as any. I have heard the blacks point out how their masters might be caught, where they were hidden, what were their forces. I have seen them used as guides and pilots. I have been along while they pointed out in what houses stores of arms and ammunition were kept, and where bodies of troops were stationed. In a few hours I have known this information verified. I have asked them about the sentiment of the slave population, and been invariably answered that everywhere it is the same.

I have invariably been told by the negroes that they were not well fed. The first reason a black man, or woman, or child assigns for deserting his owner is the small quantity and poor quality of food given him; the next reason is the same story about clothing; then comes the complaint of hard usage, hard work, and occasionally of cruelty. The last is rare, in my experience. The most of them speak, it is true, of instances where negroes have been recently shot, but few allude to previous hardships worse than whipping. Of late, the accusations of masters shooting their slaves are more frequent, indicating (this is inference) that the desperation of the rebels increases. The slaves have, in various instances, assisted in the capture of their masters, have also, several times of late, asked to be armed, which was not originally the case. Colonies of them have been established, not only at Hilton Head, but on Otter Island in St. Helena Sound, and at the mouth of Edisto Inlet. At both these places they are protected either by gunboats or by the guns of the batteries put up by the rebels, but now occupied by Union forces.

The absurd attempts of Southern papers to pretend that the blacks are still loyal, can only excite a compassionate smile. The poor wretches cling to this hope, the absence of which would present to them so appalling a future. The slaves not yet escaped, of course, pretend to be faithful, but some have told me how they said to their masters and mistresses on the day of the fight, "The Yankees will be whipped, Massa and Missus," but all the while they prayed and believed otherwise. So, casual allusions are made in Charleston papers to the fidelity of their "servants," as if it were a matter of course, but there is no labored discussion of a subject too terrible for discussion. As for my own judgment—it may not be worth much—but I came hither prepared to find all the negroes attached to their masters, and I have gradually observed a feeling of bitterness displayed by the blacks; at first there was only elation at their own escape; of late this has been mingled with indignation at the insane attempt of the masters to fire on them; I have known of several instances where slaves asked for arms to fire on their own masters (this was the case with Col. Whitmarsh Seabrook's live stock near Edisto); I have known where slaves assisted in the capture of their masters; I have sometimes asked myself whether the time might not come when arming the blacks and regularly drilling them as soldiers under white officers, might not prove the only means of averting the odious horrors of a servile insurrection. That time appears to me not to have yet come even here; but it may be nearer than any of us suppose. The blacks fall to plundering as soon as their masters flee, and go by our lines confidently with their arms or their boats laden with plunder; and it is hardly the business of Federal troops to look after the property of rebels. From pillaging within an hour after the master is gone, from firing on him as soon as he attempts to fly, from assisting in his capture, and informing us beforehand of his designs—the step to absolute insurrection is not a wide one. Rumors already of rebellious slaves come to us from different parts of the country, and those who were Union people to the last chance, are said to be the sufferers. This is what makes the horrors of servile war so greatly to be dreaded. Thousands of loyal Southerners, only waiting for a chance to display their loyalty to any effect, will be involved in its fiercest calamities. It would be a pity to provoke these calamities at a moment when the pressure of other troubles, financial, military and political, seems almost to have set a strangling grasp at the very throat of rebellion. If it be possible, let the cup of social agony pass away from those who have not deserved to drain its terrible bitterness.

Gen. Stevens is pursuing a very good plan with the negroes who come to him for protection. He makes them all work, which they do cheerfully and readily, upon the promise of receiving wages. Instead of allowing them soldiers' rations, as is done at Hilton Head, he gives them bacon and corn, just such fare as that to which they have been accustomed, although in larger quantities. They appear to be well satisfied with the arrangement, which has the advantage of being much more economical.

In a late visit I made to Dr. Elliott's plantation on Hilton Head, I found a group of six straight-haired, bright-looking mulatto children, seated around the doorstep of one of the negro cabins, eating ravenously the boiled sweet potatoes which a decrepid old man was distributing among them with apparently great solicitude.

The little ones were neatly dressed, which is an exception to the rule, and they were otherwise more attractive than any I had yet seen. I inquired into their history, which at once affords an illustration of a slaveholder's morality, and his brother's honesty. "Oh, no sah! Dese are massa's children," said the old man, in reply to my question as to whether he was their grandfather. "Dere mudder name Rose; he lib wid her as he wife, and when he die, some time ago, he make her and de children free." Then he told me that Rose had gone over to Gen. Viele's camp to do washing for the officers; and that she had come with herself and family to the Yankees to escape being sold into slavery by her master's relations. I could not fully understand all that the old man said, but I heard enough to determine me to learn Rose's story from herself, if possible. Yesterday, therefore, I was at Gen. Viele's quarters, and made inquiries after Rose. She was not there, but I was introduced to a young man named Israel, who gave me an intelligible history of Rose and her children. He said that he and Rose belonged to the same master. His name was James Garrard, and his plantation was 4½ miles from Bluffton. It was well stocked with cattle, and some "fifty head of niggers." Mr. Garrard, about eleven years since, wanted to marry a fine lady, but she "kicked him" (Israel's word for rejected), and, in spite, he took Rose to live with him. He bought her in Savannah, expressly for the purpose. "I went with him for her in de buggy," said Israel, "and 'fore he pay for she, he bring her home and try if she good cook and make pastry. He find she good, stirrin' woman, and he keep her." He added that Garrard had seven children by her—two boys and five girls—the eldest of which, a girl about ten years of age, was then living in Savannah. Over a year ago, Garrard died, leaving a will which called for the sale of his entire real estate, slaves, cattle, and other property, excepting Rose and his own children, who were manumitted. Out of the proceeds of the sale of the property a home was to be purchased for Rose and her young family, and the balance of the funds was to be placed at interest, of which she was to receive one thousand dollars a year for the support of herself and children, and the remainder was bequeathed to his brother-in-law, Elliott Garrard, of Savannah.

This disposition of the property did not suit Elliott Garrard's views, and he has interposed obstacles to carrying out the provisions of the will. Rose, meantime, has been living on the plantation, where matters have remained comparatively the same as when James Garrard died. After our forces had taken Hilton Head, and when the people of Savannah were in a "big scare," Elliott Garrard went to Rose and wanted her to retreat into the country, somewhere in Barnwell District, but she dreaded that he might sell her and refused to go. Next day she abandoned her home, took her family, and sought Yankee protection. I am told by those who know Rose, that she is a fine looking, intelligent woman. She is very black, but her figure is perfect, and in her neat mourning dress, and bonnet, unless her face is seen, she might be mistaken for as haughty a dame as South Carolina can produce. Her chief attraction, however, is her conversation, which is marked by intelligence respecting the objects of the war, and many other subjects connected with it. She speaks understandingly of her own affairs, the injustice of the executors of the will, and her intention of going North, where her children may have a chance in life, as soon as she can get her other child from Savannah.

In speaking to Israel yesterday, I am afraid I made him uncomfortable for the rest of the day. Said I,

"Do you like stopping here better than on the plantation?"

"Oh! yes, sir," he said promptly.

"What will you do when the soldiers leave here?"

At this question, the look of surprise which passed over Israel's face was irresistibly droll. He finally replied.

"I'd go wi' 'em!"

"But suppose they won't let you?" I said.

"Den I jump into de boat!"

"Ah!" I answered, "they might put you out again!"

It was evident that no such contingency had presented itself to his mind before. He simply ejaculated, with great emphasis, as if overwhelmed with astonishment and fear at the bare idea,

"Christ A'mighty!"

I asked him what he was afraid of, and he replied if "Massa Elliott Garrard catch me, might as well be dead—he kill me, certain." I reassured him of his safety before we parted.

GEORGE THOMPSON ON THE AMERICAN QUESTION.

SECOND LECTURE AT LEIGH, LANCASHIRE.

MR. HALLIWELL occupied the chair. The audience was large and deeply interested in the subject, manifesting great attention and frequently testifying their cordial approbation of the talented lecturer's views by hearty applause. The Chairman said he felt great pleasure in seeing their esteemed friend, Mr. Thompson, once more in Leigh. He had, during the last few months, often wondered what that gentleman's views were on the great struggle now going on on the other side of the Atlantic—a struggle the most important that had taken place in their day. Correct information about America was one of the most important of their present wants. Very few persons in England understood the present position of affairs in that country, and some of our statesmen, legislators, and public writers had made the most egregious blunders when speaking and writing on American topics. . . . He thought they would agree with him that Mr. Thompson was well able to give them the information they needed on the subject. He had great pleasure in introducing him to the meeting, and had no doubt they would listen attentively, and that they would profit by the instruction which he would impart.

MR. THOMPSON rose amid much cheering and commenced his lecture as follows: It is not the language of exaggeration to say I could select no topic for discussion of graver interest than the one before us; neither is it the language of affectation to confess that I am embarrassed by its magnitude and solemnity. Some may be disposed to ask, what have we to do with the present crisis in America? I might reply, what have we to do with the struggle of Italy, or Hungary, or Poland? Englishmen are wont to take an interest in all movements connected with the liberty and progress of the human race, and the conflict in America is intimately connected with the cause of civilization, of freedom, of Christianity, and the advancement in happiness and self-government of the human race. The inhabitants of America can scarcely be regarded in the aspect of foreigners. There are at this moment four or five million of persons in that country who were once the subjects, either of the Sovereign who so worthily fills the throne of these realms, or of her immediate predecessors. It would be difficult to find a family in this country that has not relatives, friends, or connections in the land in which the war we are contemplating is now raging. The great majority of the people of America have sprung from the same stock with ourselves. Our language is theirs also; our literature is theirs also; our laws and institutions in their fundamental principles are theirs also. Do we not boast of our protestant Christianity? So do they. Do we rejoice in the freedom of our press, the writ of *habeas corpus* and the trial by jury? So do they. Have we Bible and tract and missionary organizations? So have they. In addition to the ties of race, language, literature, laws, religion, and institutions, we are united to America by the closest bonds of trading and commercial intercourse. What has made Liverpool the greatest maritime city in the world? What has made Lancashire the greatest manufacturing district in England? Our trade and commerce with America. Why are we this moment threatened with the most appalling calamities that can spring from want of employment for the population, a disaster that would throw the entire country into confusion and distress? Because we are in danger of losing that supply of the raw material of our industry which America has been accustomed to yield us. How intimate, then, are our relations with America, and how deep is the interest we must take in whatever affects the condition and fortunes of that great country. Remembering these things, let us survey the theatre of that civil war which is now raging so fiercely on the other side of the Atlantic. It is a war between the States which maintain slavery and the States where slavery has no existence. It is a war between the North and the South. It is a war between nine million on the one side, and eighteen million on the other. It is a war, on the one side for national existence for the maintenance of government—for preservation of the Constitution devised and founded by the fathers of the Republic—for the supremacy of law—the punishment of treason, and reintegration of the States; and on the other, for the establishment of an empire based upon the absolute and perpetual degradation of one race for the benefit and exaltation of another race. The South is fighting for slavery and nothing else. The North is fighting for the Union, the Constitution, the honor of the national flag, the limitation within certain bounds of the institution of slavery, the reëstablishment of the authority of the Federal government, and its own freedom from the domination of the Slave Power which has hitherto ruled the entire country. The North is in the right, the South is in the wrong. In the cause of the South is united all the elements of cruelty, despotism and irreligion, while in the cause of the North is bound up everything that is precious to man in connection with his freedom, progress, and future welfare. Looking upon the war as inevitable and irrepressible, looking to the combatants engaged in it, with reference to their antecedents, their character, and their objects; looking to the results which would follow from a victory by the South, and those which would crown the success of the North, I must say "God speed the North!" And this I must say without being the admirer, the friend, or the advocate of war. I hate war. I hold it to be unholy, and, to the followers of Christ, unlawful. I know and deplore the passions, excesses, cruelties and crimes of war, but if war there must be, and if success on the one side must be followed by the establishment of the reign of slavery, while success on the other will be the defeat of a vile confederacy of despots, and the deliverance of a race from bondage, I cannot but desire that the final issue may be that which will promote justice, and ensure the freedom of the oppressed (cheers). There is one point to which I must very briefly allude, though I have not time to argue it. Some of the journalists of our country have attempted to defend the right of secession, by contending for the doctrine of State rights. They have argued for the inherent right of any State in the Union to retire, and thus to disintegrate the nation. This doctrine I do not admit. The right of a State to secede under the Constitution is, I consider, an absurdity. The right of a State to secede, as a revolutionary right, is undeniable, but it is the people, the nation, that is to recognize that right, not the sworn servants of the Constitution, which knows nothing of secession. The oath taken by every servant of the Federal government binds him to support the Constitution, and he would be unfaithful to that oath if he consented to, or connived at any attempt to break up the union of the States. The whole argument on the subject of secession may be concisely stated. No government provides for its own dissolution; therefore, while there is always a revolutionary right to secede, there never can be a Constitutional right to do so. The American Declaration of Independence asserts that the people have always an inherent, paramount, inalienable right to change their government whenever they are of opinion that the change will conduce to their happiness; but that change, to be constitutional, must be effected by the vote of the people. The Constitution prescribes the means for taking the sense of the people in reference to any organic change. Hence, at the suggestion of the State of Kentucky, an offer was made to the seceding States to call a national convention to consider the question, and it would have been competent to such a convention to have allowed South Carolina and her Confederate States to retire from the Union and establish a government for themselves. This offer was denied, and nothing therefore was left to the President but to uphold the Constitution and enforce the laws which the seceding States had violated. Remember always, that the citizens of the thirty-four States forming the Union were one people. Prior to the ratification of the Constitution, the States were sovereign and independent within their own borders, and might have remained so. The compact into which they subsequently entered was a voluntary compact, but having entered into it they merged their separate sovereignties into a common nationality—gave up their individual independence, and became one people, as much as if they had never enjoyed distinct sovereignity. Every man thenceforward was a citizen of the United States, not a citizen of South Carolina or Massachusetts. Every man was thenceforward amenable to the Constitution, and to the laws of Congress made according to its authority, and neither individuals nor States could commit an act tending to overthrow the Constitution without being guilty of treason. Only a national convention representing the sovereignty of the whole people could change the Constitution which was at first the work of the people. If you will look at the preamble of the Constitution you will find that it reads—"We, the people, do ordain," etc., etc. The convention which sat in Philadelphia was a convention of delegates from the people. The Constitution proposed by that convention was submitted for consideration and amendment to the people, and after the convention had convened a second time for the completion of the Constitution, it was remitted to the people to be by them solemnly ratified. It was this Constitution that formed the Union—brought into existence the Federal government—established the Congress that has ever since made the laws of the country, and gave birth to that nation which has been called the United States of America. Mr. Lincoln was elected under that Constitution—according to the forms prescribed by that Constitution—he was the legally appointed President of the United States—his oath of office bound him to uphold and defend the Constitution—he could not, therefore, without committing perjury and treason, be a consenting party to an act of secession on the part of any one State forming an integral portion of the United States. In the present war the free States may be said to be unanimous and united as against the seceding States, and have offered their resources to the government in defence of the Union and the Constitution. They have empowered the President to call into the field 500,000 men, and to raise by taxation and loans the sum of 500 million of dollars to carry on the war. In all the Confederate States there are men who stand by the Union, but their voice and influence are suppressed by the secession party. Many of them have fled to the North, the rest are unable to express their sympathy, or to render aid to the government, and can only declare themselves when the military authority of the North shall be established in the States where they reside. In Maryland secession is kept down by the presence of United States troops. In Kentucky a struggle is going on between the Unionists and Secessionists. The same may be said of Missouri. Eastern Virginia is wholly secessionist and belongs to the Confederacy, while the western part of the State has declared for the Union and the government, and has separated itself from the Eastern portion. The seceded States are Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Mississippi, Louisiana, Florida, Texas, Alabama, Arkansas, and Tennessee. The States of the Great West, beyond the Mississippi and the Ohio, with the States of New England and the States of New York and Pennsylvania, form the present United States, and are immediately subject to the government of Washington. Western Virginia also acknowledges that government; Kentucky is partly with the government and partly with the Confederacy, while Maryland is kept within the Union by the presence of United States troops. The population of the seceding States, exclusive of slaves, is about nine million. The free male population is made up of the slaveholders and their sons, the overseers of plantations and the poor whites, with tradesmen and mechanics. The men of the South are not all free to go to the field of battle. Large numbers are required as home-guards, patrols, and police, seeing there are 4,000,000 of slaves to be kept down, and there must be protection for the women and children who are daily and nightly in fear of insurrection and all its horrors. It is far otherwise in the North. The men of the North are in no fear for the safety of their families. No dangers menace their homes, and they are therefore at liberty to volunteer and proceed to the seat of war. The North, if necessity demanded it, might furnish two million of men to fight the battle of the Constitution. The South is bankrupt in money, credit, and reputation, and poor in all that relates to the mechanical arts. The South has but little education, less of morality, and no religion but that which inculcates the duty of maintaining slavery as a divine institution. When the treason of the Southern States culminated in the act of secession, the rebel party had the advantage of the legal portion of the people in many important particulars. Their purpose to secede had been long formed, and they had been aided in their preparations by the traitors in Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet. Every effort had been made to strengthen the rebel party at the South, and to leave the new President without the means of offering any formidable resistance to the formation of a new confederacy. Under false pretences, the armories and arsenals of the North had been stript of their contents, which had been removed to the South to be used by the rebels against the government of the United States. The vessels of war had been sent to foreign stations, and the Federal army, chiefly officered by Southern men, had been corrupted. The men of the South, universally, were practised in the use of arms, were hot-blooded and quick in quarrel, and eager to measure their strength against the men of the North, whom they regarded with the most thorough contempt. Thus stood matters when Mr. Lincoln ascended the presidential chair. Never before had a President been placed in such embarrassing circumstances. He succeeded to an empty treasury, a disorganized, demoralized, and corrupted army, and was surrounded by officials, in all the departments, in close league with the enemies of his government. He was alone and defenceless in the Capital, which the traitors declared they would make their own within a month after his inauguration—nay, more, they had said that, not only should the Confederate flag, within that period, float from the summit of the Capitol, but that it should be carried northwards to Boston, and wave over the roof of Faneuil Hall, the ancient cradle of liberty in New England. At first, the North made no sign of rallying to the support of the President. The rebels in the South seized the sub-treasuries, the mints and the custom-houses—the North waited. They seized the revenue cutters, the arsenals, the armories, and the fortresses—the North waited. They fired upon the Star of the West, a United States vessel of war—the North waited. They opened fire upon Fort Sumter, and the North would have consented to wait, if the rebels would have allowed a piece of bunting with the stars and stripes to have remained attached to the flag staff. But no, the confederate flag must take its place, and all vessels entering the harbor of Charleston must acknowledge the sovereignty of the new republic. You know the rest; the report of the artillery of Forts Moultrie and Johnstone was echoed by the voices of the twenty million of the North, who cried with one voice—"the insult shall be avenged—not only shall the national banner again float over Fort Sumter, but we will carry it in triumph to the furthest limits of that portion of our beloved Union which has been rent asunder by the perfidious slavocracy of the country." Then, for the first time since his installation, Mr. Lincoln felt that he could act. It was then that he issued his proclamation for 75,000 men to aid him in supporting the Constitution he had sworn to defend. He afterwards called an extraordinary meeting of Congress, and the acts of that Congress placed at his disposal those resources which he is employing at this moment for the suppression of the rebellion (cheers). Just before I came to this meeting I glanced at the contents of a speech made by Lord Russell at Newcastle the night before last. His lordship expresses his belief that the North will be unable to bring the South either to surrender or to submit. In this opinion I concur. That the North will, in the end, whatever may be their temporary reverses, prove the stronger party, I have no doubt. Should the North be determined to prolong the war, the resources of the South may be exhausted, and their country be overrun and occupied by the victorious troops of the North; but I do not believe that the South will at any stage of the war surrender, or, when overcome, submit to the authority of the North. One event might greatly change the aspect of affairs. That event would be the entire abolition of slavery in the South (cheers). This would necessitate the inauguration of a wholly new state of things, and deprive the rebels of the South of that for which they have gone to war, for which they are now fighting, and for which they will contend to the last. Why, then, it may be asked, does not Mr. Lincoln proclaim emancipation? It is, of course, impossible for me to state Mr. Lincoln's reasons for not doing so, but I may conjecture some of those reasons. He may think that such an act would altogether transcend his constitutional powers. He may think that it would lose him the support he now receives from the slave States which are yet in the Union, but might be driven out of it by such a measure. He may think it would be an act of injustice to the Unionists within the seceded States. He may think, also, that he would alienate large numbers of persons in the North, who, while earnestly supporting him in carrying out the declared objects of the war, would not sustain him in a measure of wholesale and universal emancipation. Or, Mr. Lincoln may have serious doubts, both as regards the practicability and safety of that measure which, doubtless, many in the United States would rejoice to see him adopt. It is within my knowledge, however, that very many of the most sincere and uncompromising amongst the Abolitionists of the United States are of opinion that, though the war is not ostensibly and declaredly for the abolition of slavery, it is as practically and really an abolition war as if it had been officially declared to be one; while, at the same time, the war, in its progress, is more and more educating the people of the North into the conviction that the interests of the country, as well as the claims of humanity and justice, require the utter extirpation of slavery from the soil of their country. Moreover, they deem it probable that the exigencies of the war at some future stage will furnish some pretext to those who direct it on the part of the North, to abolish slavery in the exercise of that power which is always vested in those who have the chief military command. For myself, I do not look to official utterances so much to learn the views and policy of the government, as to form a judgment respecting the influence of the popular sentiment upon the minds of the government. For eight and twenty years I have watched with anxiety the spread of anti-slavery opinions in the United States. My observation of the growth of those opinions goes back to the time when John Quincy Adams stood alone upon the floor of Congress, as the advocate of the right of petition, and when Edward Everett, the Governor of Massachusetts, recommended to the Legislature of the State the passage of laws to prohibit freedom of speech and publication on the question of slavery. When I look at the present state of public opinion at the North, I am constrained to exclaim—"What hath God wrought." Yet, I know how few, comparatively, are Abolitionists from a genuine and thorough conviction of the sinfulness of slavery, and a sincere desire to give the slave his rights because he is a man. I know, too, how various are the motives which lead hosts of men at the North, at the present moment, to denounce slavery. I do not wonder, therefore, that the Administration at Washington, held back by constitutional considerations, and better informed than we can be respecting the real state of public opinion, should pause, ere by any act of theirs they proclaim the war one for the extinction of slavery. In the meantime, I rejoice at the change that has been effected. I rejoice to see the improved tone of the public journals of the country. I rejoice, above all, in the knowledge that by every blow that is struck, some damage is done to that institution which but a few short months ago seemed to rest on immutable foundations. Let it not be forgotten that this war on the part of the North has been caused by a wide-spread and treasonable combination for the overthrow of a national government—the division of an empire—the prostration of the most cherished institutions of a great people, and the building up of a powerful State upon principles more odious, impious, inhuman and atheistic than were ever adopted at the formation of any previous government on the face of the earth. The objects sought to be obtained by the South explain the objects which are sought by the North. The latter are contending for national existence. With them, "To be, or not to be," is the first great question. Our government, shall it stand or fall? Our Constitution, shall it be vindicated, or left to be trampled in the dust? Our common country, shall its integrity be preserved, or shall its fairest and sunniest portions be surrendered, henceforth, to support a government based on principles the reverse of their own, and in alliance with the enemies of human freedom throughout the world? Thank God! the Unionists of America can only gain *their* object through the accomplishment of *ours*. Union without slavery, or entire and perpetual separation, are the only alternatives. Once I feared a compromise. Now, I believe the day of compromise is past. The ferocity, infatuation and madness of the South forbid it. The spirit, determination and awakened conscience of the North forbid it. The circumstances and necessities of the war forbid it, and the future peace and welfare of the country forbid it. I should like to say a few words respecting the real strength and numbers of that party at the South with which the North is at this moment contending. The South has always been ruled by a few thousands of wealthy slaveholders. Their slaves, which were themselves wealth, and the capital of the country, were the producers of that which brought to their owners additional riches, and enabled them to live in luxury and idleness, devoting themselves to pleasure, politics and war—war being the means of extending their slave territory. After their slaves who tilled the soil, overseers, merchants, brokers and agents did the rest. Education in the South has always been confined to the children of the wealthy. The rest of the Southern white population is poor, ignorant, vicious and degraded. The slavocracy of the South have been the gentry, landholders, knowledge-holders, office-holders, and rulers of the country. I have explained by what means they acquired, and, until the election of Mr. Lincoln, retained, the control of the affairs of the entire country, and secured all their sectional and selfish objects through their predominant influence, and always at the cost of the resources and reputation of the North. A portion of these men have succeeded in calling into existence the Southern Confederacy. They have staked everything upon the issue of the conflict. I believe that, were it possible to arrive at a knowledge of the real sentiments of all the people at the South, it would be found that the majority desire the restoration of the Union, even though its restoration should involve the overthrow of slavery. Unhappily, however, the secessionist war party is the controlling party, and are able to suppress the true opinions of the rest of the people. The time will come, nevertheless, when the millions of poor whites, when the helpless women, when the free colored people, and when the slaves themselves will be able to speak out. There is a body of men in the free States who have yet to be called into action. I refer to the hundreds of thousands of the colored population, multitudes of whom are fugitives from slavery. If the war should continue, they have an important part to play in this crisis, and will not be found wanting. Nay, they are even now ready and eager to assist in the work of demolishing that system of oppression of which they have been the victims, and under which many of their dearest friends still groan. Recognizing the war in America as a fact, and having carefully studied the history of its causes, and its probable results, I must declare my conviction that it is likely to eventuate in the overthrow, at no distant day, of that institution which for more than seventy years has been the disgrace of the American republic. More, I do not deem it necessary to say. The white race will take care of themselves. Respecting the future welfare, prosperity and greatness of the North I have no fears. My sympathies are with the enslaved, and my humble prayer is, that when the smoke of battle shall have passed away, when the sword of civil war shall have returned to its scabbard, and the heavens are once more clear, we may behold upon the continent of America four million of emancipated slaves, and a government whose Constitution shall prohibit all future traffic in the bodies and the souls of men.

MR. MAY'S THANKSGIVING SERMON.

[We give the concluding paragraphs of REV. SAMUEL J. MAY'S Thanksgiving sermon, regretting that we have not room for more.]

BUT I will speak no more of shadows, clouds, and darkness, for we are here to-day to be joyful and give thanks. Let me, then, in conclusion, hold up to you one other, and the highest reason that we have to be grateful, glad, exultant in our joy. It is this: Whether the people of the loyal States are aware of it or not, whether the political party now in power, and the administration of our Federal government will acknowledge it or not, the glorious fact is now obvious to the world, that the anti-slavery sentiment, the love of impartial liberty, respect for the rights of all men, has made such progress in our country, notwithstanding the bitter hostility it has encountered, the numerous and perplexing obstacles that have been thrown in its way—this grand Gospel sentiment has taken such possession of the majority of our people, that they determined to encounter all the evils of this civil war, the enormous pecuniary expenditure which it will impose upon them, the waste of an incalculable amount of property which it will occasion, the interruption of much of our foreign commerce, and the suspension of many of our home manufactures—more than all, the death of thousands of our fellow-citizens, and the ruined health of thousands more; this accumulation of hardships suffering, and loss, the people of the loyal States determined to incur, rather than yield another iota to the exorbitant demands of the slaveholding aristocracy, rather than consent to any further encroachment upon the domain of liberty. The government, the people may have "acted better than they knew"; but so the fact stands—the glorious fact that they have gone into this war, have incurred this immense expenditure of money and of blood, rather than consent to the extension of slavery. They have dared the horrors of civil war, in preference to an enlargement of the domain of slaveholders. What an emphatic, what a solemn testimony against the petty despots? This awful conflict, all the losses and calamities incident to it, might have been averted, or at least deferred to another generation, if the people of the free States had only consented to let the slaveholders come with their bond-servants, and sojourn awhile within our borders; and had engaged to help them pursue and retake their bondmen, if they sought an asylum in our midst; or if we had only agreed to let them introduce their system of domestic servitude into the Territories, which their fathers and ours consecrated to free men and free institutions.

Blessed be God, the conviction had spread throughout our communities, that we had already made too many concessions to the Southern despots—that we had already implicated ourselves too deeply in the sin of their oppression. And, although our people were not sufficiently convicted of the enormity of that sin to demand its immediate and entire banishment from our country, they were impelled everywhere, in large majorities, to say, "Thus far, but no farther; and here shall the accursed wrong be stayed."

In the strength of this determination, the people of the loyal States—all unused as they are to war—have girded themselves to meet and subdue the fury and madness of the ruthless rebels. It is an awful, a sublime spectacle! Not for any selfish purpose have our peace-loving people girded on the harness of the warrior, and nerved themselves to battle. Not for any object of ambition, any prospect of gain, any enlargement of our borders, any pride of conquest, has this vast array of armed men been summoned to the field of mortal strife; but that "the sum of all villanies" may not be increased; that the wickedest of all systems of oppression may not be extended; that a limit may be put to the empire and the political domination of slaveholders.

All war is fraught with sin as well as calamity; and those men and women who, for the last fifty years, have wielded the ecclesiastical, moral and political powers of the free States, are fearfully responsible for having suffered the necessity of this war to come upon us. But the men and women of this day are to be forever honored for the magnanimous spirit in which they are meeting this necessity. If not baffled by the inexplicable policy of our chief rulers, they will soon bring this conflict to a glorious termination. They will do thoroughly the work they have taken in hand. They will extirpate the root of the evil which threatens the ruin of our Republic. This war cannot end in another compromise. Peace cannot be permanently restored by any further concessions to slaveholders. Their peculiar institution, which they prize more highly than the Union, which they value more than the Gospel, to the maintenance of which they are more devoted than to the service of God and humanity—that peculiar institution, which is utterly irreconcilable with the Christian religion and with a democratic government, must be overthrown. Slavery must be, and will be abolished.

TRAITORS IN OFFICE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Wednesday, January 1.

THE journals are again agitating the subject of the employment of semi-traitors in the departments. *The Tribune* of Monday discusses the question temperately, but discloses facts new to the majority of the readers, but not new to people resident in Washington. These cases, of rebels in office, are still numerous, and some of them are exceedingly scandalous. The worst of it is that whenever a traitor is turned out of one of the departments the army is sure to receive him in some shape or other. One Virginian who has numbers of relatives in rebellion against the government, was turned out of a departmental office and Gen. Thomas instantly got him a fat place in the army. It is stated as an absolute fact that Gen. Thomas has thirty or forty of his own relatives in office. Another man has succeeded in getting nearly sixty of his family relations into good berths. In one case an open friend of the rebellion publicly challenged the head of his department to remove him. Said he, "they cannot do without me, and I will hold just such opinions as I please!" In other cases men who have villified the Republicans for the last four years with their every breath, and who now villify the prominent leaders of the party, occupy some of the most lucrative places in Washington. The Potter Committee is stirring up these facts and will one of these days report them to Congress and the country. This wrong is not entirely confined to the President and the heads of departments. Some honorable members of Congress have committed egregious blunders in this respect. One Republican Senator recently appointed to a fat office a gentleman who, two months ago, openly and furiously charged on Pennsylvania avenue that assistant naval secretary Fox was "a d—d Abolitionist," and for his part he "wished that every d—d Abolitionist in the land had his d—d throat cut." A fortnight after this polite utterance the gentleman became an applicant for an office within the gift of Republicans, and though he is known to be pro-slavery by education and habits, and was last spring and winter on the best of terms with the Southern traitors, *he got the place*, to the exclusion of numbers of honest and true-hearted Republican competitors. This case shows us that we should not be too ready to condemn the head of any department for his retention of traitors in office.

It is sometimes a very difficult thing for a secretary to satisfy himself that an employé is a traitor in his sympathies, so long as his known acts are loyal. It is, however, easy for men at the heads of bureaus and departments to see the impropriety of appointing all their family relatives to office. No man with any brains can fail to perceive the indelicacy of such a proceeding, yet this is the chief fault of most of the public men here who have places at their disposal. The story is told here of Gen. Thomas, that after having got every male relative into the army, in good paying places, he then took a list of his neighbors, placing them according to their distance from his family residence, and at last accounts half the able-bodied men of Georgetown (where he lives) had got paymasterships in the army.—*Cor. Springfield Republican.*

A BOLD, EARNEST AND VIGOROUS POLICY DEMANDED.

[Extract from a speech of Hon. J. M. ASHLEY, M.C., entitled, "The Rebellion—its Causes and Consequences," delivered at Toledo, Ohio, Nov. 26, 1861.]

OUR duty as a nation, in connection with this rebellion, has seemed to me from the first so plain that I have been not a little amazed at the apparent hesitancy and want of policy on our part. You know I have claimed, and still claim, that we cannot march into the South with our armies and successfully strike down the conspirators with one hand while upholding the *cause* of the rebellion with the other. From the first I have insisted on the adoption of a bold, earnest and vigorous policy. I have insisted that all persons who were not *unqualifiedly* for the government, whether in or out of office, should be treated as its *enemies*—that every person who was even suspected of disloyalty should be dismissed from the army and from every branch of the public service, and I have classed, and shall continue to class, every man, whether at the North or South, who is for the government with an "if" or a "but," as a *traitor* (applause). Thus far in this controversy we have acted with the tenderest solicitude for the welfare of rebel slave masters. We have sanctioned the taking of his horse, his cattle, his money and his life, but seldom his man chattels. On this point we have been inconsistent and vascillating, while the rebels have been consistent and defiant. I know it is said by those who have counselled the policy, or rather want of policy, which we have thus far pursued, that "*the war will be the end of slavery*," and that, so far from having any objections, they would be glad to see it. This may be true, but you and I know that the overthrow of slavery will not only end the war, but, beyond all doubt, save the Union and preserve constitutional liberty by making us what we ought to be, a homogeneous people. It is claimed by many that the people should not criticise the acts of the government at such a time as the present. I dissent from this theory. If the people do not demand from the government what they want, pray how is the government to know the wishes and sentiments of the people which it professes to represent? I have supported and voted for every necessary measure asked by the Administration, and shall continue to do so, so long as these demands seem to me right. Of that I am to be the judge, and not another for me. As I never have been, so I never shall be, the blind follower either of men or parties (applause). In the present controversy, I have made everything subordinate to the one great wish of my heart—the preservation of the Constitution and the Union. Neither men nor party, the allurements of power, nor the hope of future preferment has or shall sway me in the discharge of my duty. As I have done since I have had the honor to represent you, so I shall continue to vote and act on all questions as though there were, as now there ought to be, but one party in the country, and that the party for the Constitution and the Union. In such a contest as the present, men are nothing; parties are but as dust in the balance; but the life of the nation is above all price, and must be preserved. I have, as all have, the strongest motives for standing firmly by the President, for he is certainly an honest and earnest man, and these are noble and indispensable qualifications. Believing the President to be thus earnest and honest, I can, as you can, afford to overlook many of the blunders and mistakes which, of necessity, he must commit in his present embarrassing position. But while I say this, I will not consent to remain silent, and quietly permit any policy to be adopted which, in my judgment, would be fatal to the success of that cause which all true patriots have first at heart. The old adage has it that "it will do no harm to watch even an honest man," and all history proclaims that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty" (applause). The consequences of this rebellion are difficult of solution. No man can tell when or how it will end, and any theory relating to it must be continually modified by constantly changing events. It requires no prophet, however, to foresee that, unless we change our policy, we shall have the whole outside world against us. We may have them *for* us by simply doing that which our own self-preservation demands. It has been our policy as a nation for many years to recognize *de facto* rebel governments, if they gave evidence of their ability to *maintain* a government. We cannot, then, justly complain if foreign nations do the same with us. If England, France and Spain, recognize the Confederate government by the 4th of March next, as the monied and commercial classes of those countries are now demanding, what will be the result? Of necessity, a violation of our blockade, and probably a foreign war. That there is a hostile feeling towards us among the aristocratic classes of the countries named, all understand. In addition, the commercial and manufacturing interests of Great Britain and France are favorable to an early recognition of the rebel government in order that free trade treaties may be secured, and they obtain the Southern cotton, and sell in return their manufactured fabrics. These two interests, combined, exercise a wonderful control in those governments. Indeed, commerce itself, which is a mighty power in the world, will soon demand that its interests shall no longer be obstructed by this war. Here is this demand of the aristocracy (who hate our government) and the manufacturing and commercial classes on the one side, against the great mass of their people, who love liberty and republican institutions and believe we are fighting to maintain them. As soon, however, as the mass of the moral and religious elements of England and France shall be made to believe that the North is fighting to maintain slavery *as it is*, and the South are only fighting to secure *additional* Constitutional guarantees for the protection of slavery, they will say it is a "distinction without a difference," and will unite with the privileged classes in demanding an early recognition of the rebel government. And whenever their people are thus united, the independence of the rebel States will be acknowledged by their governments. Thus far in this controversy we have done much to alienate all foreign sympathy, and unless we change our policy we shall, in my judgment, lose the support of all the liberty-loving people of Europe. If this is lost, we surely can expect no support from the aristocratic element. As a nation we are in a critical condition, and it depends alone upon *our own* action whether we are to draw to us the support of the moral and Christian powers of the world, or permit them to become indifferent or openly hostile.

As soon as the governments of England and France shall have recognized the rebel confederacy, a powerful anti-war and anti-tax party will spring up in the North in favor of peace and the recognition of the independence of the traitors. Thus, we shall be divided at home and at war with the great military powers abroad, unless we yield. We have those among us *now* who contend that we cannot put down this rebellion. How many shall we *then* have who will openly demand the separation of the States? They will say, "If you could not put down this rebellion single-handed, how can you expect to do it with England and France in the balance against you?" They tell us now that if we withdraw our armies from Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky and Missouri, the secessionists will at once carry those States over to the rebel government, and I am not sure but they would. How certainly would it be the case if we were compelled to withdraw our armies to fight a foreign enemy. Let us look the truth squarely in the face. We may have a united nation of thirty million of freemen and the whole moral power of the world to sustain us, if we but *will* it, or we may alienate this power and be broken into fragments, never again to be united.

With these facts before us, what is our duty? You know what I think. Let us, then, forgetting all past differences, unite earnestly in adopting the only practical solution of this question—that of striking the enemy in his most vulnerable point (applause). In this grand battle let us cling with unfaltering faith and hope to the flag of our fathers (applause), and fight on, and fight ever, without concealment of our purposes and without again compromising with wrong, until we lift the whole Union, "one and indivisible," above the ruin which to-night environs it—and the nation, thus purified, invigorated and strengthened by the stern ordeal of battle, shall again shine out as the beacon-light of liberty to the oppressed of the world, with no spot to darken her fair escutcheon, but shining out as beautiful as the morning, giving light, and hope, and joy to the struggling millions of the earth. To fight for such a government and such principles I have asked men all over my district to volunteer in the liberating army of the republic. Who would not feel proud to belong to such an army? Who does not feel thankful that Providence has cast his lot where he may be an actor in such a contest? Who does not feel it a privilege to be living at such a time? for

"We are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time;
In an age on ages telling,
To be living is sublime.
Will ye play, then, will ye dally,
With your music and your wine?
Up! It is Jehovah's rally!
God's own arm hath need of thine!"

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1862.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON will deliver a Lecture on "THE ABOLITIONISTS, AND THEIR RELATIONS TO THE WAR," in the Cooper Institute, on TUESDAY EVENING, Jan. 14th (not the 7th, as announced last week), 1862. We are sure that all earnest friends of freedom, of whatever sect, party or class, will gladly embrace an opportunity to listen to the counsels of the man out of whose mind and heart the Anti-Slavery Movement of our time was born, and who for more than thirty years has been its foremost exponent and champion. Friends of the slave! let us fill the spacious hall and give him an enthusiastic welcome!

Tickets for sale at the Anti-Slavery Office.

THE GOLDEN MOMENT.

THE Mason-Slidell embarrassment being adjourned, at least, if not finally adjusted, the American people are now anxiously awaiting the next move of the government. It is something more than the usual curiosity to hear some new thing and to enjoy a fresh sensation that makes every eye look earnestly towards Washington to discern the latest signs of the times. The general feeling of the most intelligent classes is that the concession of that brace of rebels will be but a sop to the British lion to stay the tamed raged rage of his hunger a brief season, and by no means a satisfaction of it. They seriously doubt whether the shape which Secretary Seward gave to the surrender will be as satisfactory on the other side of the Atlantic as on this. Though his letter takes away the immediate occasion of hostilities by its substantial allowance of the demand of England, its terms are by no means such as to quiet that exacerbation of the public mind which is always the forerunner of warfare. The ground on which the surrender is put is the least flattering possible to the vanity of the English people or of the English statesmen—inasmuch as it leaves the former in the predicament of having won their case by taking a pettifogging advantage of a technical error, of which all the advantage was their own, and the latter in that of having virtually abandoned the traditional policy of the nation in the matter of neutrality, and yielded a substantial principle, where we have only surrendered a pair of paltry political tricksters of no weight or consequence whatever. As the matter stands, every intelligent Englishman must see that all the benefits of the operation accrue to us, and all that is discreditable and damaging (supposing their neutral theories beneficial) is left for their share.

Now, all this is not well pleasing to the carnal man, and we may be well assured that the party which has thought it worth its while to foment a secession public sentiment in England will not be slow to disguise the facts in such a false presentment as to deceive and exasperate the public mind. For that public mind must be just in the condition to be manipulated by such operators. We have never had much faith in the quality of the National Anti-Slavery feeling in England—though we know that that of our especial coadjutors and friends there is as good as if it had grown strong under the influences of our pro-slavery atmosphere. The tone of the press and of private society, as we know from the unanimous testimony of many travellers, shows that we were not mistaken in our opinion. The disturbance our war has made in the conditions of the material prosperity of England is too much for the sentimental Abolitionism which her inhabitants have inherited from the past generation. For it is not the Dollar only that is Almighty; the Sovereign is at least as omnipotent a deity. The advancement and protection of property is even more the object of public policy and the end of public justice there than here. We see this not only in the statutes at large and in the annals of British wars, but in the daily records of the police-offices. Nothing is more marked, and, as it seems to us, more characteristic of the two nations, than the way in which offences, not of the very gravest type, are treated, there and here. A fine of from five shillings to five pounds satisfies justice for brutal assaults not amounting to mayhem or manslaughter, which would be visited by heavy personal punishment here, while trifling offences against property, which an American judge would dismiss with a small fine or perhaps an admonition only, are chastised with penalties of great severity. Whatever disturbs the course of business and the relations of property touches the most sensitive point of the English mind, and hence, we conceive, proceeds the bitterness in which that mind seems to be steeped towards us, and the honied sweetness which marks its effusion towards the rebels who move, live and breathe only in and for slavery. In the South is seen cotton and no custom-houses; at the North a frightful Ogre, named Morrill, drives away the argosies of England with the mere wind of his brandished Tariff.

We will not enter into the question of the reasonableness of these opinions. We will not argue that the whole derangement of the cotton market has been caused, not by the North but by the South, in the hopes of an unlimited extension of slavery towards Cape Horn, and an exhaustless supply of slaves from the coast of Africa. We will not argue the question of the Morrill Tariff, and show how little the diminished trade with England has been owing to it; though we affirm the absolute right of the United States to arrange its revenue according to its own ideas of political economy, without regard to those prevailing in any other nation. We only mean to assert that there is a bitter feeling prevalent in England that the resistance of the United States to its dismemberment and the overthrow of its government, and its scheme of duties, have operated to the disadvantage of England's material prosperity, and the curtailment of present and prospective profits. And, further, that this conviction, taken, together with the inflated national self-conceit—so oddly exhibited in the last letter of our English Correspondent—may yet compel the government to a hostile interference in our domestic affairs. For it is not only parties, but nations, which are like snakes in the particular that the head is moved by the tail. And it is for a possibility of this kind that the government and people should be making their arrangements. The people, indeed may be said to have already made theirs, in the unlimited supplies of men, ships and money they have put at the disposition of the President. What is now needed, to prevent any external interposition, is, Success in our operations against the rebellion. This will be effectual, and nothing but this can be. If the forces, by sea and land, which have been collected to crush the factious slaveholders, can be used successfully—and who can doubt it, if used in earnest?—there is no time to be lost. England has shown herself ready enough to make our Necessity her Opportunity, to leave any room for doubt that our Extremity would be her Occasion.

What is needed to preserve peace abroad and to restore it at home now, is Victory. The occupation of Charleston, Savannah and Mobile, the descent of the river by Gen. Halleck's expedition and the capture of Memphis and New Orleans, preceded or followed by the reduction of Richmond and Norfolk, would put an entirely new face upon our affairs in the eyes of the world. The country has been willing to wait, though impatiently, until the young General-in-Chief felt that he was ready for action. But patience is not a virtue that lasts forever, and there are symptoms in various quarters that it is beginning to give out. At any rate, inactivity for three months to come may be as mischievous as defeat in provoking intermeddling from the other side of the ocean. If the national arms be not greatly successful within three months from this time, we believe that the game will be up and that the Confederacy will be recognized and taken under the Protectorate of England. A war with England might ensue—probably would, for it is not to be denied that a very bitter *feeling* towards England is growing up, such as runs before a war—but it would be merely one of vengeance. The diversion of our forces to other fields, and our ships to other coasts, would leave our recognition of the independence of the rebel States a mere question of more or less time. To save the nation from such a humiliation, speedy action must be had—action unshackled as well as speedy. Generals must be made to feel that it is no part of their business to play their enemy's game by upholding the accursed system to maintain which was the spring of the rebellion. They must be instructed to use every means that their hands find to use for the weakening of their treacherous enemies. We do not mean that they should organize insurrections or even arm slaves, excepting in cases of exceptional extremity. But we do mean that the boon of freedom should be assured by each General to all who will follow his army or pursue their tasks, for wages, under his direction. This course would hinder all danger of bloody insurrection, and would leave a land behind, not devastated by war so much as regenerated by free labor. It would take out the heart of slavery by putting hearts into slaves. The freemasonry which unites all the slaves by sacred ties would spread the news from plantation to plantation. Wherever the national armies moved they would reconstruct Southern society, and prove, as has been done at the Sea Islands, that wages are a more effectual motive power than the whip. At any rate, the war must be earnest to be successful, and to be earnest it cannot be primarily carried on in the interests of the slaveholders. If thus earnest, we believe it will be successful, and England will have more than she deserves in abounding supplies of free cotton. If this earnestness be lacking, and the war be permitted to still dawdle along, as it has seemed to do, at least, the sooner the worst is known the better, that we may accommodate ourselves to whatever doom of disgrace or misfortune the incompetency or treachery of our rulers may have entailed upon us.

FORM OF PETITION TO CONGRESS.

CIRCULAR.

THE undersigned having prepared with care and after mature deliberation, the accompanying petition on the subject of "EMANCIPATION," recommend it to the public for general adoption and circulation. Copies may be obtained from either of the subscribers.

New York, December, 1862.

W. C. Bryant,
Wm. Curtis Noyes,
H. A. Hartt, M.D.,
J. W. Edmonds,
James McKaye,
Oliver Johnson,
Wm. Goodell,
J. E. Ambrose,
Samuel R. Davis,
Edward Gilbert,
Nathan Brown.
Mansfield French,
Edgar Ketchum,
Andrew W. Morgan,
Andrew Bowdoin,
James Higgins,
Geo. B. Cheever, D.D.,
John T. Wilson,
S. S. Jocelyn,
J. R. W. Sloane,
Theodore Tilton,
Dexter Fairbank,
Jas. Freeland,
Samuel Wilde,
Charles Gould,
Alexander Wilder,
Wm. C. Russell.

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES AND TO CONGRESS.

The People of the United States represent:

That they recognize as lying at the very foundation of our government, on which has been erected the fabric of our free institutions, the solemn and undying truth, that by nature all men are endowed with an inalienable right to liberty.

That, so far as this great truth has been in any respect departed from, by any of our people, or by any course of events, the toleration of such departure has been caused by an overshadowing attachment to the Union, and by conscientious fidelity to those with whom we had voluntarily united in forming a great example of free government.

That such departure—whether willing or unwilling, whether excusable or censurable—has nevertheless given birth to a mighty power in our midst—a power which has consigned 4,000,000 of our people to slavery and arrayed 6,000,000 in rebellion against the very existence of our government: which, for three quarters of a century has disturbed the peace and harmony of the nation, and which has now armed nearly half a million of people against that Union which has been hitherto so dear to the lovers of Freedom throughout the world.

That by the very act of the Slave Power itself, we have, all of us, been released from every obligation to tolerate any longer its existence among us.

That we are admonished—and day by day, the conviction is gathering strength among us—that no harmony can be restored to the nation, no peace brought back to the people, no perpetuity secured to our Union, no permanency established for our government, no hope elicited for the continuance of our freedom, until slavery shall be wiped out of the land utterly and forever.

Therefore, we who now address you, as co-heirs with you in the inheritance of freedom, and as free men of America, most earnestly urge, upon the President, and upon Congress—

That, amid the varied events which are constantly occurring, and which will more and more occur, during the momentous struggle in which we are engaged, such measures may be adopted as will ensure emancipation to all the people throughout the whole land, and thus complete the work which the Revolution began.

THE SPEECH OF GEORGE THOMPSON, Esq. (a name dear to American Abolitionists), which occupies a large portion of the first page, entitles that eloquent champion of liberty to the gratitude of every one who has at heart the preservation of free government on this continent. If he were not the most generous of men—if the love of a great and noble cause did not lift him above all temptation to personal vindictiveness, surely we might expect now to hear *his* voice prominent in the roar of that tide of British disparagement of the North which comes swelling across the Atlantic. No other Englishman was ever so maligned by the American press; no other could find in his personal experience such plausible excuses for taking sides against us in this crisis of our country's fate. But, forgetful of the insults heaped upon him by Americans in former years—the slanders of the press, the fierce howlings of the mobs which put his life in peril—he steps forth now to vindicate the American cause before the people of Great Britain. His thorough knowledge of all the peculiar features of the American government, his familiarity with all the causes of the Southern rebellion and with every step in the history of the Anti-Slavery Movement, and above all his thorough devotion to Republican institutions, qualify him in a preëminent degree to explain to his countrymen all the mysteries of the deadly contest between Slavery and Freedom in this country. Such speeches as that which we this week print cannot fail to exert a powerful influence in Great Britain, and it will be a shame if the American press is not prompt to recognize their value and to do justice to their eloquent author.

LETTER FROM PARKER PILLSBURY.

HAVERHILL, Mass., Dec. 30, 1861.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

I INTENDED to have told you before what successful meetings we are now holding here in Massachusetts, and mostly in the County of Essex. At Rockport, Essex, Manchester, Danvers and South Danvers, Stoneham, Haverhill and Groveland, I have held some of the largest and most interesting meetings ever held in those places. Mr. Remond and myself held Sunday meetings at Essex and Stoneham, and the effect will not soon be effaced. We also held an Essex County meeting at Lynn, two weeks since, at which we had the presence and aid of Mr. Garrison; and the interest reminded us of the anti-slavery days of old.

Slavery and the War, as Cause and Effect, of course is the theme. The North and South together have long robbed and peeled the slave. Now the South proposes to rob and ravish alone. So they stole the pistols and powder, and other weapons and appliances, and started out on their own account. The North calls on the South to come back with the weapons, and they will plunder together as before. The South says nay; for you show signs of getting tired of the business, and of wishing to be out of it; but it is only by this highway robbery and piracy that we live. But the North says no, we are not tired of the business. Did not our fathers set us up in it, all together, almost a hundred years ago? and shall we not continue in it, for at least a thousand years to come? But the South won't believe its old accomplice any more, and so they are now at war with each other. Both parties seem to hate their former victims as badly as ever, and the North worse, for it will not even allow them to aid in subduing the South!

And Mr. Seward says, "the rights of the States, and the condition of every human being in them, will remain subject to exactly the same laws and forms of administration, whether the revolution shall succeed or whether it shall fail!"

Small encouragement, truly, does this afford to the colored people to assist in the bloody strife.

But what does Mr. Seward mean by these wild utterances? Here is one to Mr. Corwin, our Minister to Mexico, in a letter of instructions:

"The President does not expect that you will allude to the origin or causes of our domestic difficulties in your intercourse with the government of Mexico. . . On the contrary, he will not suffer the Representatives of the United States to engage in any discussion of the merits of those difficulties in the presence of foreign powers, much less *to invoke even their censure against those of our* FELLOW-CITIZENS who have arrayed themselves against its authority."

Mr. Adams, our Ambassador to Great Britain, is thus instructed:

"You will not consent to draw into debate before the British government any opposing moral principles which may be supposed to lie at the foundation of the controversy between those [the seceded] States and the Federal Union. You will indulge in no expressions of harshness or disrespect, or *even of impatience!* concerning the seceded States, *their agents* or their people."

Their agents: Mason and Yancey, for example!! Had Capt. Wilkes, of the San Jacinto, been thus instructed, what infinity of troubles might have been avoided!

But Mr. Seward also says there is no war between the North and South, and that there is no separated or seceded South. "There is, indeed," he adds, "an armed sedition seeking to overthrow the government; and the government is employing military and naval forces to suppress it. But these facts do not constitute a war, presenting two belligerent powers, and modifying the national character, rights and responsibilities, *or the character, rights and responsibilities* of foreign nations."

This occurs in a letter of instruction to our Minister in France.

These letters were all written several months since, but are just now getting published "*by authority.*" Truly, it must rejoice the hearts of the seceded slaveholders to be assured, on so high "authority," that slavery "will remain just the same, whether the revolution succeed or fail!" Hear that, ye six hundred thousand braves in arms; and ye rich men who supply so largely the means to carry on this sublime, but most atrocious *sham-fight* ever enacted!

Why are these letters launched upon the public at this moment, most inauspicious to the South, if it be not to give her "aid and comfort"?—if it be not, indeed, to assure the rebels that no serious harm is intended them, and shall in no wise be done them! Why, then, should we complain of England, or any country, for smiling graciously upon them?

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PARKER PILLSBURY.

PERSONAL.

THE venerable Josiah Quincy, of Boston, was recently injured by a fall in his own house. We regret to see it stated that the accident was more serious than was at first supposed. The hip-bone was fractured, which his physicians think will cost him a six months' confinement.

Charles F. Adams, Jr., who holds the post of First Lieutenant in a Massachusetts cavalry regiment, is the son of our present Minister to England, grandson of the sixth President, and great grandson of the second President of the United States.

At a lecture recently delivered at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, England, by Jessie Meriton White, she affirmed that Cavour pledged the island of Sardinia to France before he died, and that Louis Napoleon is only waiting the proper minute to seize his prey. This accords with the assertions lately made by Mr. Roebuck.

Dr. Harriot K. Hunt, of Boston, has just put in her tenth annual protest against taxing women without allowing them the privilege of representation. Miss Hunt owns valuable property in Boston, but she decidedly objects to the tax-law, which, she says, "compels her to bear her part in a civil war that she has had nothing to do in creating."

Samuel M. Janney, of Loudon Co., Va., a Quaker (Hicksite) preacher, and author of the Life of William Penn as well as of a History of the Society of Friends, was imprisoned some time ago at Richmond for his well-known anti-slavery principles. We see that he was lately released, but upon what conditions we are unable to state.

Secretary Chase has appointed Edward L. Pierce, Esq., of Boston, agent at Port Royal, to collect cotton, and oversee the contrabands. Mr. Pierce is the author of the excellent article in *The Atlantic* for November last, entitled, "The Contrabands at Fortress Monroe." He was a lawyer in Boston, and enlisted as a private in the three months' volunteers.

The subject of Horace Greeley's lecture in Washington was, "The Nation." He said the misfortune of our country had been its reluctance to meet its antagonist in the eye. Slavery is the aggressor, and has earned a rebel's doom. Save the Union, and let slavery take its chance. He was against compromise, because it implied concession to armed treason, and expressed his belief that the present contest would result in enduring benefits to the cause of human freedom.

The following paragraph from the Washington correspondence of the Springfield *Republican* will awaken a painful interest in the minds of not a few of our readers:

"A young son of Mrs. Bailey, widow of the late Dr. Bailey of *The National Era*, was buried yesterday from C street, where the family has resided for many years. There is a deep feeling of sympathy for Mrs. Bailey, for she has within the last few years drank the cup of sorrow to its dregs. Dr. Bailey was the idol, as well as dependence of his family, and his sudden death at sea while voyaging to foreign lands for renewed health was a terrible shock to that family. Three fine sons were left, but the youngest, about sixteen, has just been taken away, and the family is again plunged in mourning. The oldest occupies a confidential position under Mr. Chase, and is the main support of the family. The second son is at West Point. As the affairs of Dr. Bailey were not left in a prosperous condition, a heavy responsibility was left upon his widow, and she has borne it very bravely and nobly. This fresh trial is very hard for her to bear, but so many important duties remain to the living that she will bear up under them for the sake of the living. Secretary Chase is a very warm friend of the family and has been a counsellor and friend through all their troubles."

WILLIAM WELLS BROWN.

Our friends in Central and Western New York may be glad to learn that this gentleman, well known to them as an earnest champion of the anti-slavery cause, is about to visit those regions as a lyceum lecturer; and that they may have an inkling of the feast in store for them, we copy the following paragraph from the Paterson, N. J., *Guardian*:

LECTURE OF WM. WELLS BROWN.—This gentleman gave his lecture on "Wit and Humor" at the Congregational Church Lecture room, last evening, to an appreciative audience. We do not hazard anything in saying that those who failed to attend lost one of the richest treats of the season. Never have we seen any number of people better amused or more thoroughly interested. Until the close of the lecture, those gathered were kept in a state of suspense as to what was next coming. The lecture was so full of hits and amusing reflections on affected and hypocritical foibles, that the crowd were kept in a grin from the opening to the close of the affair. After the lecture was over, a number of gentlemen interested themselves in an endeavor to secure the repetition of the lecture, or another from the same individual, and we learn that the talented gentleman will return on Christmas and lecture in Continental Hall. No doubt a large audience will greet him there, for he richly deserves a great success for his pleasing effort.

Our European Correspondence.

LONDON, December 17, 1861.

ALBERT, the Prince Consort, is dead; VICTORIA, our Sovereign, is a widow; nine princely children are orphans; and the nation, with one heart, mourns an event which fills with darkness and desolation the towers of Windsor Castle. No sorrow was ever more genuine or profound than that which fills the mind of the people of this country at the present moment. We lament the loss of a Prince who had endeared himself to all capable of admiring high talents, or of appreciating personal and domestic virtues. He was second only to the weeping widow he has left behind, in the affections of the people. His name was a "household word," his face and form were amongst the most familiar objects of our daily contemplation, his exemplary deportment as a husband, a father, and as the man who occupied the highest place in our social system, made him a model worthy of universal imitation. But yesterday in lusty life—in mid-career of usefulness and solid fame—to-day he lies a corpse, and a purple coffin contains all that was mortal of Albert, the Consort of the Sovereign of Great Britain and Empress of India, Duke of Saxony, Prince of Saxe Cobourg and Gotha, Knight of almost every order of British and Foreign Chivalry, Field Marshal, Constable of Castles, Ranger of Forests, Chancellor of Universities, and President of Scientific and Artistic Associations.

The Prince was seized with illness twelve days ago, and exhibited symptoms of fever and general indisposition. For some days, however, his complaint was not considered to be serious, but in the early part of last week the physicians in attendance, and the persons immediately about his royal highness, became apprehensive respecting its result. Care was taken that no statement should be made that might needlessly alarm the Queen or the public, and it was not until Wednesday the 11th inst. that a bulletin was issued, and even then it was said "the symptoms were not unfavorable." It appears, nevertheless, that on that day the fever made head, and that the patient was much weakened. Still the disorder was considered to be nothing worse than a severe case of gastric fever, from which a person of the age and strength of the Prince might, by the aid of the skill of the ablest physicians in the country, be expected to recover. We are now informed that the Prince himself had for some days a melancholy conviction that his sickness would be "unto death," and to have associated his own case with that of his relative the young King of Portugal, so suddenly snatched away—expressing his belief that his own malady would prove fatal. On Thursday no perceptible alteration took place in his condition, and on Friday the Queen took her accustomed drive in the Royal Park without any suspicion of immediate danger. When, however, her Majesty returned to the Castle, she learnt to her grief that a sudden change had taken place, and that the extremities of the sufferer were already cold. The bulletin of Friday morning, announcing that the Prince had passed a restless night, and that "his symptoms were unfavorable," first excited the painful apprehensions of those beyond the precincts of the royal residence. On Friday evening it was thought probable that the Prince would not survive the night, and a telegram was sent to the Prince of Wales, at Cambridge, which brought him to the bedside of his father at three o'clock on Saturday morning. In the forenoon of Saturday a change, apparently for the better, took place; it proved, however, to be one of those brief manifestations of revival which are so frequently the precursors of dissolution. At four in the afternoon there was a relapse, the stimulants by which the Prince had been sustained were no longer effective, the patient was sinking rapidly, and all hope of his recovery was relinquished. There was a sudden failure of vital power; congestion of the lungs succeeded; the breathing became shorter and feebler—and at a few minutes before eleven, quietly and without suffering, sensible to the last, and fondly recognizing his wife and children, he ceased to live. At midnight the solemn tones of the great bell of St. Paul's Cathedral told the citizens of London of the calamity that had befallen our country, and the loss to our beloved Queen.

"It must (says *The Times*) have cheered the last moments of the illustrious patient to see his wife, and nearly all his children, around his bed. The Princess Royal, who is at Berlin, was prevented by recent severe indisposition from travelling, and indeed the death of the Prince followed too soon in the discovery of his danger for such a journey to have availed her. Prince Alfred is serving on board his ship on the other side of the Atlantic; but the Prince of Wales and the Princess Alice were by his side, together with several of the younger members of the family. After the death of the Prince, the Queen, when the first passionate burst of grief was over, called her children around her, and with a calmness which gives proof of great natural energy, addressed them in solemn and affectionate terms, declaring, that though she felt crushed by the loss of one who had been her companion through life, she knew how much was expected of her, and she called upon them to give her their assistance in order that she might do her duty to them and the country." The Queen (with the Princesses) has left for her marine residence, Osborne, Isle of Wight, to remain there till the funeral of her husband is over, which will take place Monday the 23d.

While we mourn for the Prince who is dead, we sorrow most on account of the Queen who survives him—stricken, blighted, desolate, alone. He who had been for twenty-two years the companion of her almost every hour, the centre and charm of her domestic circle, the sharer of her regal honors, the loving friend, the wise counsellor, the manly supporter, who had lessened the burthen of her official duties, and cheered the seasons of her retirement—the man of her free choice, the spouse of her youth, her confidant and stay, now in "cold obstruction" lying! Heaven grant her strength and comfort, and preserve to her that reason which will be threatened by the blow that has so suddenly and so terribly fallen upon her.

While I think of our bereaved monarch, I am thinking also of that war with which we are menaced—a war between England and the United States. And can it be that that hand which has so lately smoothed the cold eyelids of the departed Prince will be called upon to put the sign-manual to a proclamation of bloody strife between nations of one race, and blood, and language, and religion? God forbid! We have a telegraphic summary of your President's Message. It is silent concerning the "Trent affair." Our journals are perplexed by this reticence, and those of them unfavorable to a pacific solution of the difficulty have endeavored to draw conclusions in support of their policy from the thanks voted to Capt. Wilkes by Congress, the approval of his conduct by the Navy Department, and certain expressions employed by the President. On the other hand, the friends of peace are hopeful that Mr. Lincoln remains free to act upon his own judgment, on receipt through Lord Lyons of the demands made upon him by this government, and that he will consider those demands in the spirit of wisdom and moderation, with a sincere aim to the settlement of differences without resort to arms.

The solemn event I have communicated will, it may be believed, have a salutary effect upon the national mind here. One sentiment for the present absorbs all hearts, and leaves no room for those feelings which a few days ago were so lamentably prevalent. We may hope [illegible] [illegible]ened by misfortune, and cherishing the [illegible] sympathy with our afflicted Queen, the people and their public men will be desirous of shielding her Majesty from the anxieties which war would inevitably entail upon her. It would be sad, indeed, if in the early days of her widowhood, in addition to the griefs she is called to bear, and the additional cares which will devolve upon her, she should be required to engage in councils of war, and be required to summon her people to go forth in an enterprise that would reduce thousands to her own condition of bereavement, and fill the land with the cries of orphaned children. If the pale lips of yonder dead Prince could speak, surely they would say—"Let the half-drawn sword be returned to its scabbard, let reason and experience adjust the dispute, and peace be preserved to the country governed by the heart-stricken Victoria."

FROM OUR DUBLIN CORRESPONDENT.

DUBLIN, Dec. 14, 1861.

ONE thing which I observe about this unhappy affair of the Trent is, that whilst the American press generally regards that the conduct of Capt. Wilkes was perfectly legal, the English press, with little exception as far as I can learn, is of opinion that it was a gross outrage of the law and comity of nations, and that however it may be defended by abandoned English precedents, far older than the present generation of men in the prime of life, it was an act which the people of the United States would be the last to submit to if the Trent had been one of their mail steamers and the San Jacinto a British war frigate. If a war ensues in consequence, I presume it will be the first war of modern times between civilized nations provoked by the unauthorized act of a public servant on the one side, and in which the other belligerent took up arms to maintain a principle involved in the forcible seizure of men for whom they have no respect or admiration whatever. All the feelings of the mass of the English people are with the North in their struggle with the South, so far as that struggle is caused by hostility to slavery, although the sentiment is nearly universal amongst us that it would be better for yourselves and for the world that a total separation should take place between a really free North and a pro-slavery South, than that the Union should be retained on its old pro-slavery constitutional basis. It is also asked, What can the North do with the South if she succeeds in her efforts to maintain the Union and abolish slavery? How can she accomplish both objects? With such furious hostility (far surpassing the ordinary hatred of hostile nations) prevailing in the South towards their "Northern brethren," how are the emancipated millions to be protected from worse evils than even they have hitherto endured? An American gentleman of conservative tendencies, with whom I have lately become acquainted, asks me would it not be unfair that the United States government should abolish slavery in Missouri, Kentucky and Maryland, while desirous to secure their loyalty? But how credulous must they be who hope to keep slave States loyal, and how can their loyalty be secured unless you exterminate the slaveholders or compensate them handsomely for their human chattels? Whilst the feeling in England is nearly unanimous that the act of Capt. Wilkes is indefensible in every view of our maintaining our national dignity and independence, a feeling of great disgust and mortification prevails that a collision between the two countries should have been brought round in the interest of the slaveholders. I only know of one "indignation meeting" having been held, and that was at Liverpool, where the cotton merchants abound, and it called forth little admiration. The matter has been left in the hands of the government, and their hands have been powerfully supported by the general sentiment that if British ships, sailing from one neutral port to another, may be searched by any foreign power which chooses to overhaul the passengers and pick out whom they please, there is no good reason why the same thing may not be done in the streets of London. War is a clumsy expedient for the settlement of national quarrels, and I wish some other could be invented. And how much nearer will we have come to a right decision if we succeed on both sides in destroying thousands of dear lives and wasting millions of hard-earned treasure? I rejoice to hear from private sources that the determination to abolish slavery is becoming general in the North, but I wish we had more proof of it from the tone of your papers, and that the desire was grounded upon a hatred of tyranny rather than ignoble grounds of expediency.

Yours, RICHARD D. WEBB.

Our Western Correspondence.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 30, 1861.

THE greetings of the season to you, dear STANDARD, and long may you wave—even until it shall be over the land of the free and the home of the brave! Christmas has come and gone. The night before, I walked out under our clear sky, and the North Star seemed to me another Beth-lehem Star; then I went home to dream that the wise men of our benighted land were pressing after the Star of Freedom, until they heard the song of angels crying, "Glory to God in the Highest, on earth peace, good will to men!" Did one ever hear of angels singing of peace on earth in connection with wrong and inhumanity to men? Alas, had our nation been only up to good will to men, we should have had the angelic choral this Christmas as of old; but we must toil on through the night yet longer, until, amidst the hideous beasts of our land, the next Christ is born. Thank God that, at least, the "young men begin to see visions and the old men to dream dreams!"

One of the features of our Queen City is the Sunday Night Discussion held at our Unitarian Church in this city. All sides are invited to attend, and all views are heard thereat. The Church is every Sunday evening crowded to its utmost capacity, listening now to a warm debate upon the right and propriety of immediate and unconditional emancipation. A queer scene occurred there not long ago. An Englishman had sustained the negative of the question, arguing with great vehemence against emancipation. He had a great many figures, etc., about emancipation in the British Indies, and, of course, quoted largely from Anthony Trollope (whose book on the West Indies is the most complete *romance* ever imagined by that professional writer of fiction). When he had spoken, and various others, the best speakers of our city, perhaps, had responded or sided with him, and the meeting had reached its hour of adjournment, a colored man arose and asked the meeting to listen to what he had to say a few moments. The novelty of the thing startled everyone. It was manifest that a large number of those present were pro-slavery, not a few being from Kentucky. But the majority demanded that he should be heard, and so he came to the stand. But how shall I express to you the power and effect of this colored man's speech? Never were a set of white faces so completely eclipsed before. Any one speech that had been made was conceded by all to be to this only as a boy's debate compared with Webster's reply to Hayne. Such elegance of expression; such absolute mastery of his subject; such complete acquaintance with all the facts and figures; such perfection of style and pronunciation; such serenity and self-possession, which could not be betrayed into any violent remark; such wit, felicity and vigor carried the audience away by storm. The negro tried to stop; but, though the hour for adjournment had passed when he began, the large audience would not permit him to stop, but sat breathlessly listening to his every eloquent word, and would have so sat an hour longer. When he ceased, round after round of irrepressible applause, in which even the pro-slavery men united, told that this eloquent speech had told upon the hearts and heads of all present.

The man who had been criticising the Africans severely turned pale, then purple, then red; for the power of the colored man's first five minutes had laid his fabric in ruins. Every heart in the audience had whispered, "*That* is one of the race of which we are here considering whether it shall be treated as cattle." It was a triumph which the anti-slavery men of this city will long remember. The name of this young colored man is Peter Clark, and I trust the friends of the slave in the East will one day hear him for themselves.

The rendition of Mason and Slidell created a deep sensation in this city, especially among the Irish, who were hoping for a war with England; indeed, a leading Irishman here said at the Mulligan supper, "I rejoice at the capture, but I'm dreadfully afraid it will turn out to have been legal." The other class is the semi-secessionist, who were hoping that the American arms were to be thus turned away from where stray balls might strike slavery. Over in Kentucky, as you may imagine, there is, for this latter reason, wailing and gnashing of teeth. But the real loyalists take the matter good-humoredly. They know that as far as any *real* interest is concerned, Mason and Slidell might as well be in England as feasting on Boston turkey and champagne; whilst there is no little delight that Mr. Seward is to-day the most humiliated man in America, simply because, trusting in oppression, he is too weak to vindicate the nation's rights. Those who trust in the Right, Mr. Secretary, shall never be put to confusion! If the South had been set by an edict of emancipation guarding four million enfranchised slaves, America, with half a million ready soldiers, could have been in such a condition that the British lion would have roared her as gently as 'twere a sucking dove. Thus every step, being against the eternal truth of things, is a stumble. Meantime, the believers in a Free Republic, the haters of a Union on whose communion table are the broken body and shed blood of the African, have meat to eat in these times which others know not of. The saddest news the Europa brought to me was that Arthur Clough, the exquisite poet, had died in the city where Parker died. To-day, I thank thee, Arthur, my friend, that thou didst write, before passing away, these words:

"For mortal men
So but thou strive, thou soon shall see,
Defeat itself is victory."

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 6, 1862.

THERE is no mistake about it—Washington is rapidly becoming a free and civilized city. An anti-slavery lecture calls out a crowded house at any time here now, so the lecturer be somewhat known and possesses brains. Brownson, Storrs, Taylor, Dickinson and Greeley, have already spoken to overflowing audiences. Brownson and Dickinson spoke the truth respecting slavery as plainly as any of them, though Mr. Greeley did not mince matters at all. Brownson was the boldest of all, and he could afford to be, for in past years he has doubtless been as "conservative" as any, unless it be the "sage of the Susquehannah." Whenever Brownson hit slavery a hard blow, the applause was loudest; when Dickinson declared that slavery must be destroyed for the sake of the Union, the cheers which greeted the sentiment gave abundant evidence that at last there is an anti-slavery audience in the city of Washington. But few old citizens of Washington attend these lectures, but they acquiesce in them, and the few who have been persuaded out are delighted with the novelty of a free expression of opinion on all subjects.

When it is remembered that the popular lecture-system was never before tried in Washington, that the present course is an experiment, it certainly is a little remarkable, that after paying every lecturer thus far handsomely, there are left several hundred dollars. So far, money enough to pay the current expenses of each lecture has been taken at the door, leaving the entire income from season tickets untouched. This is certainly a brilliant success for Washington.

Bayard Taylor drew the largest house, but nearly everybody was disappointed by his performance. The people crowded out to see and hear the traveller and author, and were disappointed to find that a man may be an excellent writer without being a good speaker. Mr. Greeley generally disappoints as a mere orator or speaker, but the subject-matter of his lecture was so juicy and satisfying, that no one complained of the style in which it was served up.

Dr. Cheever is to lecture next week, and ere long Wendell Phillips. I make the prediction now that Mr. Phillips will draw the largest house of the entire course. There is an intense desire among all classes here, and especially among those who never saw an old-fashioned Abolitionist, to see and hear Mr. Phillips. We are hoping that Theodore Tilton of *The Independent* will be one of the lecturers by and bye, for the number is to be enlarged from the first plan, which was twelve to eighteen.

The government dignitaries are shy of these lectures. I do not mean government clerks, or the heads of bureaus even, but the President and his family and the Secretaries and their families do not honor the Smithsonian Lecture-room with their presence. It would doubtless compromise their dignity. It is not out of the way to give a fat contrast to one's blood-relative, but it would never do to come out and hear Brownson exhort the nation to overthrow human slavery upon this continent! Wonderful to tell, however, Mr. Lincoln came out to hear Mr. Greeley's lecture.

Our new city police came out on the first of January in a new uniform. It would be as proper to say that they came out in *a* uniform, for they have not had any before. Noticing the new uniforms led me, a day or two since, to inquire a little into the conduct of this new police force towards the colored population of the town, and I have made the pleasant discovery that they have strict orders not to engage in the business of catching fugitive slaves. As this force is entirely paid out of the Treasury of the United States, there can really be no claim upon it to execute the obsolete laws of Maryland in this district. At any rate, the Police Commissioners have instructed the force to leave fugitive slaves to take care of themselves. In one case, which occurred a week or two since, a policeman arrested a slave and threw him into jail. He was compelled to get the slave released and permit him to go on his way rejoicing. These facts are worth a great deal just at present, for they show that not only the government but the people of the Capitol, and the very atmosphere of the place, are changing on the question of slavery. This is the result of *the absence* of the pro-slavery leaders from Washington.

The project for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia is still discussed by our citizens and by members of Congress. There is not much opposition among the people to a generous emancipation act. At best there are but few leading citizens who oppose the plan. Perhaps the few will make a great deal of noise when they find that an emancipation act is likely to pass. At present they are not alarmed, and I doubt if Congress will touch the subject at present. There is a disposition to postpone legislation of this kind for two or three months, to see if our armies can accomplish anything against the rebels. Events may occur within the next two months which may affect the disposition of Congress to legislate upon these subjects. But something is sure to be done before the present session expires.

It is said that Mr. Lincoln is coming round to the anti-slavery stand-point—that he is getting sick of the counsels of pro-slavery men. He attended Mr. Greeley's lecture, as I have stated above, and after it was finished, he asked Mr. Greeley for a copy, which has since been given to him. On the occasion of the delivery of the lecture the audience cheered every anti-slavery sentiment vociferously, and when the name of Fremont was mentioned, the applause was tremendous. The President took it very quietly. Some of those present were inclined to view the demonstration as a rebuke of the President for his removal of Fremont, but such was not the case. It was a spontaneous outburst of applause at the mention of a name the people still love.

The President and his Cabinet have of late been led by the very necessities of their position to consider the slavery question thoroughly. They know and admit that the attempt to put down the rebellion thus far has proved an utter failure. The Treasury is bankrupt already—and nothing is done. Now, if the arguments of anti-slavery men be really good for anything, it is fully time for the President to give them a careful consideration. The do-nothing policy—towards slavery and the rebels—has as yet accomplished nothing. Will an attack upon slavery give us any results? That is the question President Lincoln ponders to-day.

The consideration of the report of the Van Wyck Investigating Committee (of the House of Representatives) will soon take place, and it is said that a lively time is expected. Certain members threaten to bring out facts, in the discussion, not alluded to by the Committee, and which make the case very much worse against some of our officials than it is set down in the report. It is said that certain Republican journals have been *entreated*, if not bribed, into silence respecting the report of some of the guilty parties. This may, however, be silly rumor. It can hardly be possible that any respectable newspaper would accept of government patronage on the understanding that it should refuse to criticize the acts of the government, and nearly all the leading Republican journals are certainly "respectable." When the debate comes off in the House, I predict that some sharp things will be uttered against men high in place and authority.

The week has been a very dull one so far as politics al prominent events are concerned. The next two weeks will doubtless be crowded with important debate and legislation, if not with events in the field.

A.

Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 6, 1862.

ALL honor to your London Correspondent for his good letter in last week's STANDARD. It was the first word of unqualified good cheer we have had through our columns from that side of the water since our troubles began. His letter of the previous week was only negatively good; its merit being that it contained nothing to discourage hope or wound sensibility. It was evident that at the time of writing it he had no means of meeting the sudden clamor raised around them, or of replying successfully to the accusations of open foes and timid friends of the cause of liberty in this country. All he could do, therefore, was to wait for further information, and, in the meantime, give us, as he did, what information, likely to be useful, he could glean, with such comments and reflections as naturally suggested themselves.

This forbearance was to have been expected from one who, besides being rooted and grounded in the anti-slavery faith, is equally well established in his belief in democratic institutions. He knows the American people, from personal acquaintance and extensive travel among them, and understands fully their capacity for self-government. Comprehending, as few men do, America's sins and short-comings in the matter of slavery, he understands, as still fewer do on his side of the Atlantic, the virtue, the intelligence, and, in the long run, the national probity of the American people. He must have been morally certain, therefore, that this government, open to criticism as it is, could not have been guilty of an indiscretion so palpably preposterous, or of an act of aggression so wantonly outrageous, as to make a war against it on the part of his an inexorable necessity. But for the justice of this conviction in the present case he had no evidence, and until some should be forthcoming, his only recourse was silence. But his letter of the 10th, a week later, is a more positive character, and is truly encouraging. It leads us to hope that England will not allow herself to be forced into an alliance with slave-breeding conspirators, or be induced, on any pretext, to lend her weight in the establishment of a new slaveholding republic. Her government may, under strong temptation, prove false to its trust; leading men in her councils may show themselves sordid and base; high professors of religion and philanthropy may stand convicted of hypocrisy or self-delusion, but there is still a large class there who love justice for its own sake, who hate oppression, and who follow truth, from whom we have not yet heard, and who, when they speak, will place England in a more honorable attitude towards this country than that which she now occupies.

For it is undeniable that the impression which prevails at present in this country is greatly to the discredit of England. The common belief here is that the love of justice and fair play in that country has either died out or never had any real existence. "If," it is argued, "England can, *for any reason*, voluntarily assume the championship of a system which has been her traditional abhorrence, and of her own accord put on the dirty shoes which we have contemptuously thrown away, then is she indeed the meanest of the mean among nations, and the most hypocritical of all false pretenders." But, as your Correspondent leads us to hope, and as we are determined to believe, in spite of the flood of testimony that has been coming over to us for the last fortnight to the contrary, England will not assume this championship; she will not condescend to the castaway shoes which even our worst Northern apologists for slavery would now be ashamed to stand in. This is your Correspondent's testimony, and this is our belief.

The Times may misrepresent and abuse us, and other papers, from which better things might have been expected, may join in the clamor; but *The Star*—a lesser luminary though she be, and shining alone as she now does—may yet reflect more truly than them all the real feeling of the people. Lord Shaftesbury may decline to pray publicly for peace, as Senator Douglas declined to interfere between Brooks and Charles Sumner, *for fear his action might be misconstrued;* but John Bright and Richard Cobden, stronger men and better representatives of the people, boldly meet their responsibilities, and seek, by affronting their government with the truth, to avert the calamities of war. Mrs. Martineau, from whom, if we could forget her letter about the Tariff, we should have looked for more courtesy of language and less obliquity of moral sentiment, may assail the North with epithets only used in the same application in this country by unprincipled and ill-mannered advocates of slavery, and may say, as she does, that: "If this movement (of Commander Wilkes) was planned or known at Washington, there is no hope of peace but in immediate apology and retraction. The people of England are offered an outrage too gross to be endured, and grieved, shocked and ashamed as we shall be to war against you at the same time as the South, *we shall have no choice*" (!); but George Thompson, as competent to speak for England as she, and fully as conversant with the feeling of English people, addresses us in different language. He speaks to us not only respectfully, but kindly and fraternally, and bids us hope for better things from his country, and things that make for enduring peace. The people who stand for his idea of English morality do *not* hold that an insult to a flag, be it ever so wanton or gross, makes war a necessity, leaving "no option," even though it superadd to its ordinary horrors the unspeakably atrocious extraordinary one of aiding in the establishment of eternal slavery.

The acknowledgments of the Abolitionists of this country, and of the friends of peace between the two nations, are due to your correspondent for his timely and cheering letter. And the thanks of all classes are due to those bold and clear-sighted champions of democratic institutions, John Bright and Richard Cobden, for their eloquent speeches, extracts of which your correspondent has given us. I have not read these speeches in full, myself, but our friend Dr. Furness, who has just been talking to me on the subject, describes that of Mr. Bright as a most masterly, powerful and exhaustive production. As an evidence of right feeling on the part of England, and as a means of making this feeling more extensively prevalent, he regards, as does your correspondent, this speech as a matter of pleasing significance.

—In speaking of the North and of our government, it will have been noticed that I have said "we" and "us," implying, as is the fact, that on the matters spoken of there is no difference of sentiment between Abolitionists and the other people on the subject of the Trent—the people's hearts in these Northern States beat with one pulse. The Abolitionists, so far as my means of judging go, think that Commander Wilkes did right—acting on the data which guided him—in capturing Slidell and Mason; that Congress did right in complimenting him for his zeal and fidelity; that the Cabinet did right in deciding to surrender the captured traitors; and that the people do right in unanimously acquiescing in the decision.

You seem to think that there will be great exultation in England over these men's rendition. This is to be expected; but it is hardly probable that, after having had time to reflect, there will be much of the feeling of triumph in their jubilation. The bully who seizes an opportunity, *for any cause*, to slap his neighbor in the face when his hands are tied, has no occasion for triumph if the indignity offered provoke no manifestation of resentment. I hardly think that our "magnanimous ally" will feel disposed to boast much of her achievement.

A good deal of curiosity is felt here to know what sort of an ovation will await the distinguished ambassadors when they reach the other side. It will be a curious spectacle to see the world-notorious Mason the author of the "infamous Fugitive Slave law," pass under English arches, and made the occasion of English pæans.

Since penning what I have said about George Thompson, I see that that gentleman has been coöperating with Cobden and Bright in their efforts to rectify English opinion in regard to this country. *The North American* of this city contains an extract from a speech being one of a series, delivered by him in Manchester, which is, as the editor says, "replete with good sense and a just appreciation of our position. It will afford much gratification to Mr. Thompson's many friends in this country to learn that, on the question of our international difficulties, he has assumed a position so honorable to himself and so creditable to the cause with which his name has so long been identified. Abolitionists, maligned as they are, have a good deal to be proud of. Their record will show that they testified their devotion to their country by boldly reproving its sins in the days of its prosperity, and manfully standing by its fortunes in the dark hours of its adversity.

M.

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, Jan. 5th, 1862.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

"DIED, at his residence in Newburyport, on Thursday, Dec. 12th, Mr. Francis Todd, at the age of 83." This brief obituary, which the local papers of last month contained, and which, outside the circle of the deceased's acquaintance, attracted but little notice, I cannot pass over in silence. The name carries us back to those days when the anti-slavery movement was just struggling into being, and to be an Abolitionist required the true martyr spirit. Embodied at that time in the person of a poor, uninfluential printer, the principles which, in the short space of thirty years, have revolutionized a nation were outlawed and despised. The particular year to which I refer was 1830, and the place Baltimore. Mr. Garrison, then a young man of twenty-five, was associated with Benjamin Lundy in editing the *Genius of Universal Emancipation*. The *New Cyclopædia* of the Appleton's, contains the following account of a transaction which must occupy a conspicuous place in the history of the times. Familiar as are the circumstances to Abolitionists, I think their brief repetition cannot be uninteresting.

"The ship Francis, owned by Francis Todd of Newburyport, having taken a cargo of slaves from Baltimore to Louisiana, Mr. Garrison denounced the act as 'domestic piracy,' and declared his purpose to 'cover with thick infamy' all those implicated therein. He was in consequence indicted and convicted, in the city Court, May term, 1830, for 'a gross and malicious libel' against the owner and master of the Francis, though it was proved by the Custom-house records that the number of slaves transported was much greater than he alleged. He was sentenced to pay a fine of $50 and costs of Court. Unable to discharge the judgment, he was committed to jail. Mr. Todd, in a civil suit for damages, subsequently obtained a verdict against him for $1,000; but the judgment, probably on account of his well known poverty, was never enforced. During his incarceration, he occupied a cell just vacated by a man who had been hanged for murder. He remained in jail 49 days, when Arthur Tappan, a merchant of New York, paid the fine and costs, and he was set at liberty."

Mr. Todd has lived to witness strange things. When the rich merchant succeeded in thrusting his fellow-townsman into that Baltimore prison, he little imagined that he was giving mighty propulsion to a hated cause. But who can estimate the value of that persecution? The service, though unwitting, was effective. For it the anti-slavery historian consents to embalm the name of Francis Todd, which would else find honorable oblivion.

The New Year has inaugurated a new policy in the weather. Instead of the indecisive, neither summer nor winter days of the past month, we have a vigorous and biting atmosphere, indicating that Jack Frost is entering in earnest upon his winter campaign. Isn't it about time that the government and McClellan should imitate his generalship? How much longer must our brave troops rust out with inactivity, and die by hundreds of camp-sickness, while the nation looks on despondingly, seeing this rapacious devouring of its resources to the tune of two million a day? Show us, O wavering Cabinet, a purpose and a determination to conquer the rebellion! Our army waits impatiently for the promised, yet ever delayed, advance. Not Beauregard, Johnston and Davis are as deadly enemies as the insidious typhoid fever, the small pox, and the host of other pests which no sentries can keep without our camps. Activity banishes disease and makes sick men well. Strike as you would if an English army were encamped in hostile array across the Potomac. How long would it be in that case before we should hear again the cry of "On to Richmond"?

Surely we commence the New Year with heavy clouds hemming us in. Where shall we look for a ray of light? Slavery is still omnipotent; fatuity has seized our rulers; Congress, which opened so grandly, promises nothing; England is opening her port-holes and mounting her guns with the muzzles pointing at us; that hated functionary, the tax-gatherer, promises the people a speedy visit; misfortunes accumulate; the only path of deliverance which God offers this nation—victory through emancipation—is rejected; "and yet we deliberate."

I need not tell you that your last leader and the article of your correspondent S. M. on "Mrs. Martineau's recent letters" gave us unusual satisfaction. As a friend observed in my hearing, from the autocratic tone of "Our English Correspondent," we should think the initials H. M. must certainly mean Her Majesty. But really it does seem sad that so strong and unwavering a friend as Harriet Martineau has ever been to the anti-slavery cause should in this, our trial hour, throw the weight of her honored name in the balance against the suffering slave. Is nationality above humanity? When that comprehensive, far-seeing, admirably reasoned and prophetic paper on the "Manifest Destiny of the American Union," which appeared less than five years ago in *The Westminster Review*, and in which we recognized the masterly pen of Mrs. Martineau, was written, did the writer imagine herself in the day of that revolution she so truly predicted lending her voice for the encouragement of the oppressor? Even so it is.

I have not space to speak critically of Gov. Andrew's recent message. It is a document of great length and characterized by the Governor's usual heartiness and warmth. While his announcement of sympathy with abolition is gratifying, it is to be regretted that he has succeeded so well in "schooling himself to silence," and that he should withhold, at such a time as this, his own needed sentiments, and urge instead that the confidence of the people be given to leaders whose career thus far has only invited distrust.

J.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE WRITINGS OF SIR THOMAS BROWNE. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1862.

IN the days of youthful trifling with common-place books we once divided all English writers into four classes, to wit: Deep and Connected Thinkers; Deep and Dis-connected Thinkers; Shallow and Connected Thinkers; Shallow and Dis-connected Thinkers. The writers who figured in the latter lists it is not necessary to recall, but we distinctly remember that as Bacon led off in the first class, so Sir Thomas Browne presided unchallenged over the second. And now that attention is again called to the *Religio Medici* and other of his works, we cannot find that our old estimate needs much reconsidering. We can only repeat to-day that Browne's writings belong to the very first order of light literature—holding that term to include all books not characterized by symmetry of system or scientific analysis. A fondness for exact experiment and careful observation was, in this man, united with a genius of thoroughly poetical cast, and he continually struggles into flights which are genuine creations of the imaginative faculty. He had a way of helping himself liberally to the best adjectives, which in these days are so debased by people who have "feelings" to bring to market, that all sensitive persons shudder when they occur to them. The vigorous English of Browne's sentences seems to absorb the best intelligence of his age, and often of all ages. There is also this mark of the elect upon him, that the most obvious truisms have no second-hand flavor when he chooses to state them. If he sometimes flutters about great subjects, it is never with the dalliance of feebleness; for few men have greater power of gathering up what energy they possess, and of mastering a thought in a single paragraph. There is a thoroughly healthy quality in Browne's religious testimonies, notwithstanding the natural inclination to superstition which he frankly confesses. The robust temper of his piety does not indeed scatter all delusions, but walks off with them as moral make-weights of very trifling consequence. Any earnest soul is easily acclimated to the genuine fervors of his disposition. Even the quasi-religious freaks and whimsies in which Sir Thomas delighted compare favorably with the speculative diversions of more recent philosophers. If a man is under bonds to perform a certain amount of impertinent speculation, it is better he should set himself to inquire what kind of fishes were eaten by our Saviour after his resurrection, than that he should perplex himself with considering whether sin be not another name for indigestion, and enlarging the chest the best recipe for sanctifying the heart. The writings of this author prove again the well-established proposition, that high powers of the intellect are no safeguard against very facile gullibility. Some of the Vulgar Errors that he thinks worth exploding are so *extremely* vulgar that they can scarcely be touched without damaging the operator. Yet readers who feel inclined to pride themselves upon being above some of Browne's foibles and superstitions will do well to consider whether in fact they may not be below them. We are continually meeting fellow-citizens who seem to us to accept conventionalisms for realities far more simply than he did—, only they are present conventionalisms, not past ones.

Although this American edition of Sir Thomas Browne's writings is but a selection, it comprises what is most valuable and characteristic in the author. For the elegant taste of its external appearance, and for the rarer taste that prompted its selection and arrangement, the public are indebted to the editor and publisher, Mr. Fields of Boston.

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A PETITION purporting to set forth the necessity of emancipation is in circulation for signatures, having already been signed by Wm. C. Bryant, Wm. Curtis Noyes, Edgar Ketchum, and others, together with Wm. Goodell, Oliver Johnson, and Geo. B. Cheever. Some of the gentlemen named are accustomed to better company.—*Daily World.*

It is very true that some of us who signed the Emancipation Petition have been accustomed to better company; but a common cause makes us all equal before the rebellion. We never had any misgivings or doubts, that the time would come, sooner or later, when those who derided our efforts in the holy cause of freedom would become our co-laborers; and, now that the day has arrived, we certainly have no disposition to quarrel with our present coadjutors in the good cause for not coming over to our side sooner. It will not be long before *The World* itself will be with us, and we can promise our most conservative and exemplary cotemporary, that whenever it shall come over and enrol itself among the great army of Emancipationists, we shall not refuse it a hearty welcome on the score of our having been accustomed to better company. By no means.

TRACT FOR THE DAY.—"The War and Slavery; or Victory only through Emancipation," is the title of a tract of 8 pages, just published at this office. It is a reprint of an excellent article, from the pen of D. PLUMB, which appeared in this paper a few weeks since, and which leading friends of the cause deem worthy of the widest circulation at the present crisis. It is not for sale, but for gratuitous distribution. Friends of the cause, who know where light is needed and would be welcomed in respect to the duty and policy of Emancipation under the War Power, are requested to call at this office at once and take as many copies as they can distribute judiciously.

NOTICE.—Members of the American Anti-Slavery Society entitled to receive the Annual Report just published will have their copies forwarded by mail upon their remitting the amount of postage (in stamps or otherwise), viz.: *fourteen cents*, to ROBERT F. WALLCUT, 221 Washington Street, Boston.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We have received, too late for publication this week, a Letter from L. MARIA CHILD, in reply to the latest epistle of our English correspondent, H. M. It shall have a place next week.

Other communications are deferred solely for want of room, and others still are under consideration.

Our space is far from adequate to the demands upon it in these eventful times, and the duty of selection and exclusion is often quite embarrassing.

COTTON FROM PORT ROYAL.—We are indebted to Mr. Nelson Sizer, the Phrenologist, 308 Broadway, for a small quantity of Sea Island cotton, picked at Port Royal, S. C., by the "contrabands." A cargo of not less than 3,697 bales of this cotton arrived here in the Vanderbilt on Monday, consigned to the U. S. Quartermaster, to be sold for the benefit of the national treasury.

REV. J. R. W. SLOANE will preach in the Church of the Puritans to-morrow (Sunday) evening. He will no doubt bring the light of truth to bear upon the great question now before the country.

OBITUARY.

DIED, in Dorchester, Dec. 26th, RICHARD CLAP, Esq., aged 81 years and 5 months.

This venerable man was among the earliest subscribers to *The Liberator*, and continued his subscription till his death. Almost from the formation of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, he was an officer and a member of it, and contributed regularly and generously to the Anti-Slavery treasury, and to succor the hunted fugitive slaves. Possessing a womanly modesty and childlike simplicity of character, he was, nevertheless, strong in his convictions of duty, and unswerving in his performance of it, whether he stood alone or with many. "An Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile," he has at last fallen, "like a shock of corn fully ripe," leaving behind him the light of a noble example and the glory of a well spent life.—*Ed. Lib.*

HOPPER.—In Philadelphia, Tuesday, Dec. 31, Lucretia Mott, daughter of Edward and Anna M. Hopper.

THE TWENTY-EIGHTH

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY.

THE time for the ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY again draws nigh, and we look forward to it with pleasure, as the means of meeting familiar, friendly faces, and listening to earnest words of counsel and encouragement. Some say that other agencies are now in such active operation, that "the old Abolitionists," as they are called, can well afford to rest upon their oars, while others carry forward their work to its completion. We cannot view the subject in this light. Our mission is the same now that it was thirty years ago. Through many and strange changes, we have slowly but steadily advanced toward its fulfilment; but there are many indications that our work is not yet in a state to be safely left in other hands. We have been, and we must still be, a fire to warm the atmosphere of public opinion. More than a quarter of a century ago, the fire was kindled with generous zeal, and year after year it has been fed with untiring industry and patience. Not all the cold water that politicians, merchants, and ecclesiastical bodies could throw upon it has sufficed to extinguish the flame, or even to prevent it from spreading. The moral thermometer can never again fall to the old freezing point. In view of this, we thank God, and take courage. But who that observes passing events, and reflects upon their indications, can arrive at the conclusion that the fire is no longer needed?

It is true that blood and treasure are lavishly expended to put down a most wicked and sanguinary rebellion, the proclaimed purpose of which is to extend and perpetuate SLAVERY. But the government of the United States manifests, in every possible way, a vigilant carefulness to protect the claims of slavery, and politicians are continually announcing that the war has nothing to do with the cause of the war. There are now very few slaveholders who condescend to profess allegiance to the government; yet, small as is the remnant of that powerful and unprincipled oligarchy, they still appear to govern the counsels of the nation. The honest expression of the PEOPLE'S wishes is required to be suppressed, lest the utterance should prove offensive to this arrogant minority, so long accustomed to rule the majority. The people are full of generous enthusiasm for their country. If the polar star of a great idea were presented to them, they would follow it with eager courage through suffering and death. But it seems to be the aim of politicians to create a fog so dense that neither star nor sunlight shall glimmer through it to guide the millions, who are longing to be led in the right direction.

Is *this* a time to let the sacred fire smoulder on the altar of freedom? On the contrary, there has never been a time when it was more necessary to watch it with vigilance, and feed it with untiring activity.

We, Abolitionists, still have unwavering faith that "a straight line is always the shortest, in morals as well as in mathematics." Politicians are always in need of being convinced of this obvious truth; and they are peculiarly in need of it now. Let us, then, continue to work for the good old cause in every way that is consistent with our own conscientious convictions. Let us meet together, that our hearts may be cheered and our hands strengthened for whatsoever work the God of the oppressed may call upon us to do.

All those who have faith in the principles of freedom, all who believe that the effect of righteousness would be peace and security for our unhappy country, are cordially and earnestly invited to meet us at the usual time and place in Boston, in January next. [Particulars hereafter.]

Contributions, and expressions of sympathy, from friends at home or abroad, in person or by letter, will be most thankfully received; for we have great need of both at this most momentous and trying crisis.

L. Maria Child,	Caroline M. Severance,
Mary May,	Mary Willey,
Louisa Loring,	Ann Rebecca Bramhall,
Henrietta Sargent,	Sarah P. Remond,
Sarah Russell May,	Mary E. Stearns,
Helen Eliza Garrison,	Sarah J. Nowell,
Anna Shaw Greene,	Elizabeth Von Arnim,
Sarah Blake Shaw,	Anne Langdon Alger,
Elizabeth Gay,	Eliza Apthorp,
Caroline Thayer,	Sarah Cowing,
Abby Kelley Foster	Sarah H. Southwick,
Lydia D. Parker,	Mary Elizabeth Sargent,
Augusta G. King,	Sarah C. Atkinson,
Mattie Griffith,	Abby Francis,
Mury Jackson,	Mary Jane Parkman,
Evelina A. Smith,	Georgiana Otis,
Katherine E. Farnum,	Abby H. Stephenson.

Proceedings of Congress.

THE two Houses—the holiday recess being over—assembled on Monday. *In the Senate*, the chief question was upon the admission to a seat of Mr. Stark, the duly appointed successor of Col. Baker, from Oregon. His credentials having been presented, Mr. Fessenden (Rep., Me.) moved that the administration of the oath be suspended for the present, and the credentials of Mr. Stark, together with certain papers which he held in his (Fessenden's) hands, be referred to the Judiciary Committee. The papers were well attested by many of the most respectable inhabitants of Portland (Oregon.) The papers state that Mr. Stark is understood to be an open and avowed Secessionist; that he defends the course of the South, and had given utterance to statements at war with the government, such as approving of the attack on Fort Sumter, and declaring that in case of war he would sell his property, go South and fight for the rebels. He (Fessenden) had examined the papers with deliberation, and therefore made the motion. Messrs. Bayard (Dem., Del.) and Bright (Dem., Ind.) protested against the proposition, and Messrs. Fessenden, Sumner, Wilson and Trumbull supported it. The subject was laid on the table.

Mr. WILSON (Mass.) presented a petition from citizens of Pennsylvania that John C. Fremont be appointed Lieutenant-General.

Messrs. SUMNER, FESSENDEN, COLLAMER, CLARK, and HARRIS presented petitions for the emancipation of slaves under the war power, with compensation to loyal masters.

Mr. KING (N. Y.) presented a petition from the mayor and citizens of Rochester, asking that the example of Washington and Jackson be followed in regard to the slaves, and that they be put to work for the government.

Mr. CARLILE (Va) presented a petition from citizens of Pennsylvania, stating that slavery was the cause of the present war, and praying that no further agitation of the subject be tolerated in Congress.

In the House, Mr. ROSCOE CONKLING (Rep., N. Y.), on a question of privilege, called attention to the resolution lately adopted by the House with reference to the battle of Ball's Bluff, to which the Secretary of War had returned, as he deemed, an evasive answer. Mr Conkling went on to say that the battle of Ball's Bluff was the most atrocious military murder ever committed in the course of our history, the most humiliating triumph of the rebellion, a blunder so gross that no one has dared to defend it. Nine hundred and thirty men fell victims to this blunder, and the resolution of the second day of the session was due to the memory of these slain, if to nothing else. He asked for an inquiry, and an inquiry was absolutely necessary. Suppose, said Mr. Conkling, that it should appear that Gen. Stone is only half loyal, or half a soldier; is that a sufficient and good reason why he should be released from his share of the responsibility for this dreadful crime? He said that the government was spending two million daily, and had 600,000 men in the field; whenever we have made an advance, we have been outnumbered and ignominiously defeated; and yet the House and the people whom the House represents are denied the right of knowing on whose shoulders lies the blame of these things. We should know, said he, whether the General-in-Chief has taken the pains to inquire who is responsible for the battle of Ball's Bluff, and we should make the inquiry with the intention of being answered. After some further most severe remarks upon the subject, Mr. Conkling offered a preamble setting forth the resolution heretofore adopted, together with the reply to it, and concluding with a resolution declaring that the answer is neither responsive nor satisfactory, and directing the Secretary of War to reply further.

Mr. RICHARDSON, a Democratic member from Illinois, took ground against the resolution, stating that Congress had nothing to do with such matters. Mr. EDWARDS of New Hampshire said a word in favor of Gen. McClellan. Mr. CRITTENDEN of Kentucky held that Congress had no rights in the premises, and that, if it had rights, it would not be well to exercise them. Mr. VALLANDIGHAM of Ohio would have voted for the resolution, had not Congress, forty years ago, decided that the conduct of a war was not to be inquired into. Mr. LOVEJOY of Illinois declared that the military should be subordinate to the civil power. We are waiting in the fruitless hope that the rebellion will put itself down; the idea seems to be that if we don't hurt anybody, the rebels will return to their allegiance. Our fear of doing any harm to slavery paralyzes the whole army. The reason why we are not successful is, that we stand before an incensed God. We are not true to the principles of justice and truth, and those of human equality, viz.: "Liberty throughout all the land to all the inhabitants thereof." As for himself, he was for preserving the Union and Constitution with the great object for which it was established, namely, with freedom. He demanded, in the name of God and justice, that slavery shall not stand in the way of our success and triumph. In illustration of his remarks, he caused to be read the 7th chapter of the book of Joshua, showing that the absence of prosperity and success was owing to what was designated the "accursed thing."

Mr. STEVENS (Rep., Pa.) said if they were to believe in the horrible doctrine of Mr. Crittenden, it was nothing less than this, viz.: that the House dare not inquire into the manner in which the war is conducted, and whether there are many traitors or not. Had it come to this, that the House is a mere Registrar of Executive edicts, and is only to vote men and money? He protested against such a doctrine, it having no foundation in the Constitution. It appears that the border States would rather see the Constitution and Union perish than see slavery perish. We had just given 20,000 men to Kentucky to support slavery, should the alternative as to the destruction of the Union or slavery be presented.

Mr. Conkling's resolution, unchanged, was finally adopted by a vote of 79 to 64; and the House now waits for the reply of the Secretary of War.

In the Senate, on Tuesday, petitions for the emancipation of slaves and for the exchange of prisoners were presented. The bill relative to the arrest of fugitive slaves by officers of the army or navy was taken up, but its consideration was again postponed for the present, after a refusal of the Senate to postpone it indefinitely. The bill to increase the number of cadets at West Point, after a brisk discussion, was lost, 24 to 12. The subject of frauds upon the treasury was incidentally alluded to. Mr. NESMITH (Rep., Oregon) said: "We had the gratifying spectacle of half a million of men ready to make war on the rebels, and another half million waiting to steal something. He thought it would be better to emulate the example of Napoleon, and elevate the thieves on the Treasury by the neck." Mr. HALE (Rep., N. H.) said: "There was an army ready to make war on the Treasury, and they had already made a brilliant campaign. He said it with shame, that many of the highest officers of the government were not exempt from the censure which ought to rest on this army. He thought it would have to come to punishing the thieves on the Treasury by death."

Chronicles of the War.

The Departure of Mason and Slidell.

THE first day of the new year was marked by the surrender of Mason and Slidell to British authority, and their departure from the shores of the United States for the British dominions. The matter was managed very quietly. A steamtug took them from Fort Warren at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, and conveyed them to Provincetown, Cape Cod, where they were placed on board the British gunboat Rinaldo, which was there in waiting, and left about 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Mr. Mason went off in good humor. Indeed, he has recently been in good spirits, and he has borne his imprisonment with the air of a philosopher. Mr. Slidell was somewhat sulky, and not at all pleased at going in such an unostentatious manner, and in such a vessel. He evidently expected that a steamer would come especially for them.

Scheme for Employing the Slaves of Rebels.

It is understood that Gen. Lane will, with the approbation of the government, make the experiment of employing slaves of rebels, in his military operations in the West, using them in the transportation and commissary departments mainly. By taking hand-mills, it is thought that slaves can grind corn enough daily to subsist the army anywhere in Arkansas or Texas.—*Wash. Cor. Times.*

Hard Times in Richmond.

A member of the Legislature, at Richmond, who recently returned to Fairfax Court-House, states that there is a great scarcity of salt in that city, so high as $50 a sack being paid for that article. From $15 to $20 were demanded for a pair of boots, while only $7 were asked for a barrel of flour. For want of salt, the farmers have delayed killing their hogs from month to month. In the meantime, the corn upon which they are fed is gradually becoming exhausted. This scarcity of salt is particularly in and around Fairfax Court-House. The Union residents in that neighborhood have petitioned Gen. Wadsworth to supply them.

Emancipating the Slaves of Rebels.

The Senate Judiciary Committee will soon report a scheme of emancipation of the slaves of rebels, in accordance with the recommendations of the President. It will probably meet the approval of a majority of that body, as the ultra features advocated by the radicals will be excluded.—*Wash. Cor. Times.*

Contrabands on the Potomac.

FREDERICK, MD., Dec. 31, 1862.

Contrabands from Counties adjacent to the Potomac continue to arrive daily, and, after an examination by Gen. Banks, are forwarded to Gen. McClellan's headquarters to be disposed of. It is stated that at least one-third of the slaves of Loudon County have made their escape, and some from Fairfax, Fauquier, and Culpepper occasionally turn up in this vicinity. This morning some ten or twelve, and four or five white refugees, were dispatched by cars to Washington. The refugees represent that if our forces were to enter Loudon the white population now there, almost to a man, would gladly renew their allegiance to the Union.

Big Bethel Occupied.

The news heretofore received, of the panic prevailing among the rebels on the Virginia peninsula, had quite prepared us for the intelligence received from Fortress Monroe, to the effect that Big Bethel had been occupied by our troops, without loss, the enemy having abandoned the place and fled to Yorktown. A scouting party, 700 strong, left Camp Hamilton on the morning of the 3d, under command of Brig.-Gen. Max Weber. Six miles this side of Big Bethel, our cavalry met the mounted pickets and drove them in. Upon arriving at the village it was found deserted, although there were evidences that three or four thousand men had occupied the place but recently. Breastworks, half a mile in extent, pierced for 12 guns, were found, but the artillery had been removed. Our scouts returned, without leaving a guard. The Burnside expedition is daily expected at Fortress Monroe.

Advance Toward Charleston.

By the arrival of the Vanderbilt, from Port Royal on the 3d inst., we have cheering intelligence of the success of our arms in South Carolina. On New Year's day, four gunboats went up the Broad River, two of them being detailed to fire into batteries on the shore, and two having for their work to cover the landing of the Union troops—Gen. Stevens brigade—who were to take and demolish some batteries. Everything worked well; the troops who advanced on the land were fired upon by a concealed battery; part of a Michigan regiment went with the utmost coolness to within one hundred yards of this battery, made their reconnoissance and then retired for reinforcements. The battery was soon taken and utterly destroyed, with the loss of 8 wounded on the Union side. The loss of the enemy is not known. Other batteries shared the fate of the one here alluded to, and the Union troops passed the night on the field. The gunboats did excellent service, their fire being remarkable for its precision; the soldiers showed a bearing which promises everything for the future. The second day's fight, of which we had a rebel report, has not yet reached us in detail.

Success in Western Virginia.

Another decided success has attended our arms in Western Virginia. Huntersville, a depot for rebel supplies in the mountains, between Huttonsville and Warm Springs, was attacked by our troops on Saturday, and all the supplies there were captured and destroyed. The National troops engaged were detachments of the Fifth Ohio, the Second Virginia, and Bradsin's Cavalry—some 740 in all. The rebels had 400 cavalry and 350 infantry. Two miles from Huntersville our troops were met by the rebel cavalry, who were driven from point to point, and at last the whole rebel force beat a hasty retreat from the town as our men charged through it. Their loss is reported at 80 killed and wounded, while, strange to say, not a man was hurt on our side. The Stars and Stripes were left floating over the Court-house at Huntersville.

From the Upper Potomac.

Our advices from the Upper Potomac are to the effect that Jackson, at the head of a considerable rebel force, made his appearance opposite Hancock on Saturday, and threatened to shell the place unless the National force there evacuated it. Gen. Lander, who is now in command there, sent a suitable response, and Jackson, on Saturday night, commenced his bombardment, which did very little injury to the town, and none whatever to the troops. The rebels also tore up the track of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad opposite Hancock. At last accounts, a sufficient force of National troops was being concentrated to drive Jackson back.

Summary.

THE MOST DANGEROUS FORM OF TREASON—Masked loyalty. [See New York *Herald*, *Express*, *Journal of Commerce*, Boston *Courier* and *Post*, Detroit *Free Press*, and all others of the same stripe.]—*Liberator.*

MICHIGAN.—The Governor of Michigan, in his message to the Legislature, alluding to National affairs, attributes our complications abroad and troubles at home to the inactivity of the army, and says that the people will not tamely submit to see our armies used to protect slave property of the rebels, when the most active means should be taken to suppress the rebellion, sparing nothing and apologizing to nobody for our actions.

GEN. SHERMAN'S RECENT PROCLAMATION.—Gen. Sherman, in command at Beaufort, writing to a United States Senator, says, in explanation of his denounced proclamation, that the time has not arrived to invite the South Carolina slaves within our lines. A proclamation to that effect would have brought in 25,000 in three days. Two months hence, be says, such a course may be proper. As the freeing of the slaves of rebels is not taught at West Point, as a military speciality, the people will undoubtedly think that their notions on this point are a great deal better than Gen. Sherman's.—*Wash. Cor. Trib.*

THE Society of Friends in England have addressed a letter to Lord Palmerston deprecating the idea of a war between England and the United States. Speaking of the Quakers in this country, the writers say that "though the government of those States has long passed into less pacific hands, yet our brethren there still have a considerable influence on their State Legislatures, and their voice has often been heard with effect at Washington. We shall, therefore, at once apprise our American friends of the step which we have now taken, and shall urge them also to use their influence in furtherance of the cause of peace."

TERRIBLE TRAGEDY.—The Louisville (Ky.) correspondent of *The Tribune*, writing Dec. 18, says:

"A gentleman has narrated to me a tragedy which occurred in Nashville about the middle of last month, of which I have as yet seen no public mention. Mrs. ex-President Polk (who is considered quite rigid in the treatment of slaves) had a smart servant woman, the mother of three sprightly children, in the management of whom she had experienced some difficulty, and had therefore determined to sell her 'South.' This coming to the negress's ears, she procured a butcher's knife one morning and cut the throats of her three children, and then closed the drama by cutting her own. However contented the negroes may be, they don't desire to go deeper into Dixie."

CHANCE FOR CONFISCATION.—One of the planters, whose darkies are now engaged in picking cotton for the benefit of the government, is Mr. John Stoddard, of Dawfuskie Island, North of Tybee Sound. He lives in Savannah, and owns, or did own a spacious plantation on the island, stocked with some six hundred slaves. He owns a handsome residence in Brattleboro, where he has spent his summers for several years previous to 1861. This place, worth $75,000, is now liable to confiscation. Mr. Stoddard was a Northern man, originally from Northampton, Mass. While in Paris, some years ago, Mr. Stoddard fell in love with and wedded the fair owner of a plantation and 200 slaves, and became a thorough pro-slavery man.—*Burlington (Vt.) Free Press.*

NOT TO BE OUTDONE.—One of the zealous chaplains of the army of the Potomac called on a Colonel noted for his profanity, in order to talk about the religious interests of his men. He was politely received and beckoned to a seat on a chest. "Colonel," said he, "you have one of the finest regiments in the army." "I think so," replied the Colonel. "Do you think you pay sufficient attention to the religious instruction of your men?" "Well, I don't know," replied the Colonel. "A lively interest has been awakened in the regiment—the Lord has blessed the labors of his servants, and ten men have been already baptized." [This was a rival regiment.] "Is that so 'pon honor?" asked the Colonel. "Yes, sir." "Sergeant," said the Colonel to an attending orderly, "have fifteen men detailed immediately to be baptized. I'll be d—d if I'll be outdone in any respect!" The chaplain took note of the interview and withdrew.

PROFANITY.—*Cairo Dec. 25, 1861.*—I wanted to speak long ago of one thing, and will do it now. There are many scoundrels who do not curse and swear; but I am convinced that one who does curse and swear is not fit to hold an office of trust. I know of government officers who have this habit—this vice—this crime; not a word can they speak without an oath, and they damn their souls—their hearts—their Maker, and mankind. What judicious man would intrust important affairs, or considerable sums, with such men? There are those ready to charge me with religious fanaticism for making this remark. I belong to no Church, and probably never shall belong to one. But I hold that the government is shamefully remiss in giving to profane men office of honor as is noticeable in every army, and I feel strong in the belief that every good citizen agrees with me.—*Tribune.*

HOW JOHN BROWN SAVED THE CAPITAL.—The Washington correspondent of the Boston *Journal* tells the following singular story, of the way in which John Brown's lawless raid into Virginia became the remote cause of the salvation of the Federal capital:

"When the marines dashed up to the door of the engine house, where Virginia chivalry quailed, they seized not only John Brown, but a quantity of powder within the building, which he had brought from Pennsylvania. After Brown and his party were secured, the powder was placed in one of the brick buildings, where it remained till April last. When the United States troops found that the Virginia forces were preparing to make a descent upon the ferry for the purpose of capturing the arms, they looked about for ammunition. They did not dare to visit the magazine, for there were sharp eyes which watched every movement, and an attempt to take powder from there would precipitate an attack. Then it was that John Brown's powder was valuable. It was in small packages, and where it could be taken and distributed unbeknown to any outsiders. It was placed in the different buildings, the trains were laid, and just as the Virginians thought the prize was theirs, they found that the flames were ahead of them. It was designed that the several thousand stand of arms there stored should be distributed in Baltimore, where, as you know, the outbreak immediately occurred, and that thence a descent would be made upon Washington. So John Brown's powder saved the Capital. All of this will appear, I am informed, with satisfactory evidence, in the report of the committee appointed to investigate the Harper's Ferry affair.

"John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave,
But his soul is marching on."

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Receipts for The Standard from December 1st, 1861, to January 1st, 1862.

1165	Miss Anna Alley, So. Freeport,	Me.	$2 00
1254	Mrs. O. Dennett, Portland,	"	5 00
1137	Wm. B. Smith, Machias,	"	3 00
1178	Fitz E. Cogswell, Henniker,	N. H.	2 00
1145	Peter Eaton, "	"	1 00
1133	L. B. Moses, Great Falls,	"	3 00
1150	David Scott, "	"	1 00
1130	Mrs. C. Horn, "	"	6 00
1144	Mary B. Sawyer, No. Wears,	"	2 00
1176	Joseph Perry, Keene,	"	2 00
1152	E. H. Foster, Canterbury,	"	1 00
1152	Mrs. Adaline K. Ordway, Groveland,	Mass.	1 00
1152	Mrs. Geo. Savery, "	"	1 00
1152	Phineas Dodge, Rowley,	"	1 00
1152	Dr. D. L. Ambrose, W. Newbury,	"	1 00
1152	John P. Gilman, Haverhill,	"	1 00
1152	R. L. Chase, "	"	1 00
1176	Margaret P. Snow, Fitchburgh,	"	2 00
1144	Horatio N. Spooner, Plymouth,	"	2 00
1144	Bourne Spooner, "	"	2 00
1166	Mrs. Mary P. Hunt, Danvers,	"	2 00
1156	Isaac W. Roberts, Danvers Port,	"	2 00
1177	Mrs. M. W. Chapman, Boston,	"	4 00
1130	Alexander Foster, "	"	4 00
1150	Henry L. Holmes, Lynn,	"	1 00
1144	Rev. C. Francis, Cambridge,	"	4 00
1142	Sarah C. Atkinson, "	"	3 00
1170	Mrs. Sarah Harris, Fall River,	"	3 00
1145	Eli F. Burnham, So. Danvers,	"	4 00
1146	Geo. W. Burnham, Essex,	"	1 00
1146	Wm. Gordon, "	"	1 00
1146	Sydney Low, "	"	1 00
1146	Jacob Burnham, "	"	1 00
1151	F. A. Brigham, Shrewsbury,	"	2 00
1129	Horatio Chickering, Dedham,	"	4 00
1127	Dan. Hill, No. Blackstone,	"	3 00
1162	Jos. Marsh, Northampton,	"	2 00
1162	Elizabeth Cushing, Hingham,	"	2 00
1156	Jas. L. Bott, Gloucester,	"	2 00
1151	Capt. Charles Fitz, "	"	2 00
1046	Mrs. Henry Elwell, Manchester,	"	1 00
1137	B. K. Payne, Wading River, L. I.		50
1176	John T. Andrews, Cornwall, Ct.		2 00
1144	A. R. James, Providence, R. I.		4 00
1129	H. P. Crozier, Huntington, L. I.		1 00
1175	Calvin Pratt, E. Otto,	N. Y.	2 00
1154	James McGregor, Lockport,	"	2 00
1164	D. Rose, New Paltz,	"	2 00
1144	Marriette Richmond, Claverack,	"	2 00
1144	B. F. Bissell, Ballston Spa,	"	1 00
1178	David Spalding, Borodino,	"	2 00
1151	A. Mills, New Hartford,	"	1 00
1130	J. C. K. Milligan, N. Y. City,		2 00
1121	Chas. J. Benedict, "		2 00
1144	Mary Bowne, "		2 00
1144	Richard Warren, "		6 00
1157	S. Lasar, "		2 00
1167	Henry Ahell, "		2 00
1170	Thos. H. Curtis, "		2 00
1178	D. Griffith, "		2 00
1180	H. R. Helper, "		2 00
1146	Mrs. G. C. Stewart, Newark, N. J.		3 00
1144	Isaac Walton, Bartville,	Pa.	1 00
1119	John Dunholme, New Alexandria,	"	2 00
1128	Wm. Hunter, Greensburgh,	"	2 00
1144	Robert McIsaac, Marchand,	"	1 00
1100	Wm. Jones, West Chester,	"	1 00
1144	Isaac Fulton, Madison,	"	2 00
1178	Daniel Wilyerd, "	"	2 00
1118	Zoah Carter, Sugar Grove,	"	1 00
1152	Martha S. Stubbs, Wakefield,	"	1 00
1152	Mary H. Pennock, Greene,	"	1 00
1152	Edith Pennock, Wilmington, Del.		1 00
1170	Pierce Garrettson, Mt. Union,	O.	2 00
1170	A. Brosius, "	"	2 00
1151	Martha Crowe, Hinckley,	"	1 00
1140	J. P. Augier, Toledo,	"	2 00
1145	Thos. Caldwell, Columbiana,	"	1 00
1171	John Fitzpatrick, "	"	2 00
1171	John Hisey, "	"	2 00
1171	Samuel Erwin, "	"	2 00
1185	Martha J. Tilden, Cleveland,	"	2 00
1139	E. J. Carman, Alliance,	"	1 00
1174	Calvin Caswell, Castalia,	"	1 50
1174	Henry German, "	"	1 50
1172	R. G. Satterthwaite, Smithfield Sta'n	"	2 00
1174	J. G. McClain, Scio,	"	2 00
1170	L. Johnson, Solon,	"	2 00
1171	Ira Thayer, Columbus, Ind.		2 00
1176	Benj. Moore, Northport, "		2 00
1176	G. S. Gale, " "		2 00
1144	B. Whitmea, Sterling,	Ill.	1 00
1144	Jas. McGregor, Lockport, "		2 00
1172	John Whelan, Tipton,	Mich.	2 00
1169	B. Durfee, Northville,	"	2 00
1151	P. Geddes, Battle Creek,	"	1 00
1191	Benj. Ballard, Lancaster, Wis.		2 00
1144	James Richmond, Adel, Iowa		2 00
1177	Amos Marsh, Marietta,	"	2 00
1144	Powell Huff, Des Moines,	"	1 00
1144	John Halderman, "	"	1 00

Receipts of the American Anti-Slavery Society in the month of December, 1861.

Collections by S. S. Foster:	
At Blackstone,	$0 85
" Cumberland,	3 04
" Millbury,	2 38
" Pawtucket,	3 00
Collections by C. B. Campbell,	1 36
Donation by J. Goreham, Clinton, Iowa,	5 00
" " Edwin Chapman, of Bristol, Eng., in anticipation of usual subscription in January,	£5 0 0
Collections and donation by Mrs. Thorpe,	26 3 6
Donation by B. Smith, of Hirsh,	1 0 0
" " Miss H. Lupton, North Wales,	2 0 0
" " W. Armistead, Leeds,	2 0 0
" " Wm. Scofield,	1 0 0
" " Mrs. Coxon,	1 0 0
" " Mrs. Buckton,	1 0 0
" " Mrs. J. W. Read,	0 5 0
" " Joseph Lupton,	2 0 0
" " Leeds Anti-Slavery Association,	5 0 0

WM. I. BOWDITCH, Treasurer.

Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society.

Receipts for the Quarter ending December 31, 1861.

Thomas Whitson	$6 00	M. Richards	5 00
A. Kimber	5 00	Collections at Annual Meeting	146 50
A. Shoemaker	5 00	Thos. Garrett	10 00
Cash	1 00	L. Webb	5 00
E. Beach	2 00	S. C. Harris	3 00
N. C. Clever	50	J. S. Lame	1 00
A. Hughes	1 00	A. Cutler	6 00
A. Kirk	2 00	S. L. Middleton	10 00
T. Atkinson	2 00	Joseph Smith	10 00
B. C. Rich	50	John Child	5 00
R. T. Pickering	1 00	Joseph Moore (for STANDARD)	10 00
T. Lightfoot	50	Joseph Fussell	1 00
I. T. Atkinson	50	I. S. Flint	5 00
C. Paxon	2 00	M. K. Taylor	10 00
S. Tyson	2 00	Castner Hanway	5 00
R. Winslow	10 00	Lydia White	5 00
C. Hambleton	5 00	John Bushong	5 00
I. Canby	1 50		
E. Brinton	2 00		

SARAH PUGH, Treasurer.

Special Notices.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.—The Twenty-ninth Annual Meeting of the MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY will be held in Boston, at Allston Hall (corner of Tremont and Broomfield streets), on THURSDAY and FRIDAY, Jan. 23d and 24th, commencing at 10 o'clock, a.m. Three sessions will be held each day.

Though a great change, equally surprising and cheering, has taken place in public sentiment at the North, on the subject of slavery, since the "SLAVEHOLDERS' REBELLION" broke out, yet the times demand of the uncompromising friends of freedom all the vigilance, earnestness, activity and generous coöperation, that it is in their power to give; for upon them devolves the task of creating, deepening and guiding that moral sentiment which is to determine the fate of the republic. Their work, as Abolitionists, will not be consummated while a slaveholder is tolerated on the American soil, or a slave clanks his fetters beneath the American flag. Theirs is the truest patriotism, the purest morality, the noblest philanthropy, the broadest humanity. So far from having any affinity with, or bearing any likeness to the traitors of the South, there is an impassible gulf between the parties, as well as an irrepressible conflict. Now that, *by the treasonable course of the South*, the government, by the exigencies in which it is placed, may constitutionally abolish slavery, and is solemnly bound to improve the opportunity, under the war power, the duty of the hour is to bring every influence to bear upon it, to induce it to exercise that power without delay, and thus to speedily crush the rebellion, and establish liberty and peace in every section of the country. In this work of humanity and righteousness, of reconciliation and union, it is obligatory upon all cordially to participate.

It is hoped that the members and friends of the Society will be present in larger attendance than usual. A strong array of able and eloquent speakers may be safely counted upon, whose names will be duly announced.

By order of the Managers of the Society,
ROBERT F. WALLCUT, Sec'y.

AARON M. POWELL, Agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society, will speak at
SARATOGA, Sunday, Jan. 12.
VICTORIA, Tuesday, Jan. 14.

COAL!—The subscriber is prepared to furnish the best qualities of Lehigh and Schuylkill coal at the following rates:

Lehigh stove coal,	$4 25
" Egg,	4 25
" Broken and screened	4 25
" Nut,	4 00

WM. STILL,
Stove Store, 107 N. Fifth street, Philadelphia.

NEW MUSIC.—"The Lord doth now to this Nation Speak," "O Let my People go," parody on "Song of the Contrabands." Words by Moses, Music arranged by S. Baker, price 50 cts., including "Contrabands' Song"; or 4 pieces for $1. Mailed free. Just published by HORACE WATERS, 481 Broadway.

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

"MAY WE PRAY?"

May we pray?—the unwonted query
It is a foreign far-off sound,
As if it belonged to ages
On the earth no longer found.
Was it said where Syrian shepherds
Watched the "friend of God" at prayer,
When on Mamre's plains the palm trees
Crossed with shade the burning air,
And they turned, with waking reverence,
From the shrines of Baalim
To the new, pure faith, beginning
Then on earth her morning hymn?

Or it may have once been uttered
In the labyrinths of dead,
Where, mid mouldering bones and darkness,
Oft the Christian feast was spread;
And the lamp-light on the altar
In those grave-aisles prophesied,
That from martyrs' dust arising
Should the Church be glorified.
Did they say then, low and breathless,
"Is it safe? and may we pray?"
Listening, lest the Roman tyrant
Might have sent his guards that way?

May we pray? This should be only
Asked in hours of spirit woe,
When our hope is failing from us,
When the tears of doubting flow;
Asked of none on earth, in heaven,
But our Maker and our God;
Only asked to hear the certain
Answer from His bright abode,
Overwhelming grief in rapture,
Doubt in sweetest extacy:
"Pray, my child, thy Father listens;
Pray, and I will answer thee."

May we pray? They asked it vainly
In a land of law and light,
Where the church bells rung their music,
Where the Sabbath hours were bright.
Utterances of prayer forbidden,
Eager words of praise repressed,
That no hint of swift-winged judgment
Might disturb the master's rest.
But the human soul is stronger
Than a fellow-mortal's will,
And the prayer grew only deeper
While the lips were dull and still;
Till each slave heart in its beating
Was a never-ceasing prayer,
Till the angels caught up anthems
Never breathed on earthly air.

May we pray? The Northern soldiers
Scarcely understood that word,
And a thankful thought for freedom
Unawares their spirit stirred.
In *their* homes, their laughing children
Hush at night their noisy play,
When the loving mother whispers,
"Darlings, it is time to pray."
And the youngest, knelt beside her,
With its stainless baby brow,
Follows, lisping, as its sisters
Say, "May God bless father now."

We may pray! They knelt for praising,
Thanking God for that great boon,
But the voice of grateful blessing
Mingled with their praises soon.
And with holier heart and blessing
Turned the soldier from the place,
Where the aged slave was asking
That, in recompensing grace,
God would bless the sent deliverers
Who had given leave to pray,
And whene'er they called upon Him,
Never, never turn away.

Newport, R. I. ELLEN.

The Year's Record of Sadness and Gladness.

A SERMON,

BY REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM,

Sunday, Dec. 29, 1861.

> To everything there is a season, and a time for every purpose under the heaven; a time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up; a time to kill, and a time to heal; a time to break down, and a time to build up; a time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to get, and a time to lose; a time to love, and a time to hate; a time of war, and a time of peace.—*Ecclesiastes* 3, 1-8.

SUCH are the materials of which our human life is made: all necessary, all timely, all fitting, all set in their places, and arranged under the eye of the Architect and Artist of our destiny. Not one of all these things can be spared; for the loss of any one loss, the defect of any one defect, would mar the harmony of the whole design. The visitor in Rome, as one of his exploits, climbs up into the dome of St. Peter's church. Standing on a narrow gallery, which runs round the interior of the dome, he sees about him on the ceiling strange forms, uncouth, gigantic, hardly traceable in their harsh outlines on the great concave. Set into the curving wall he sees common rubbish from the streets, rough bits of coal, brick, mica, pieces of colored glass like old bottles, lumps of tufa, clippings of tin, fragments of broken crockery, often unsmoothed and unpolished, promiscuous enough, and far from handsome in themselves or in their arrangement. He descends to the pavement of the church, and, standing under the dome, looks up into it, and behold! the evangelists floating there in the dome above the cloud of incense as in the glory of heaven! So it is with our life. We stand too near it to comprehend it with wise and worthy survey. We see what it is made of, but not what it means. We see the cheap stuff, the vulgar accidents, the common experiences, the black disappointments, and ghastly wounds and ugly scars; but if we would know what the grand mosaic is designed to represent, we must recede to a distance and view the whole from the point of eternity.

Our life is made for us, far more than it is made by us. We grow almost as unconsciously as the trees, that carry on without knowing it the most surprising economies of nature. The Great Artist chooses the pieces, combines them, sets them in. In what age we shall live, in what condition we shall be born, what shall be our parentage, our constitution, our endowment; amid what circumstances, religious, political, civil, social, we shall stand and work; what that work shall be; what fortune or misfortune we shall encounter while doing it; how the movements in the world shall affect our estates and mould our being; how much sunshine we shall have, and how much cloud; how many peaceful and how many tempestuous days; all this is appointed by the great Author of Destiny. Everything works into the plan which, from year to year, from generation to generation, with a complexity too fine to be followed by our eyes, on a scale too immense for our vision to compass, grows under the divine Master's hand. The hand is never idle; the work never stops, the touches are never put in amiss. We are always approaching our completeness, even when we least suspect it; when we seem to be moving backwards, we are moving forwards. We are always changing, maturing, ripening, expanding. The morning sun of gladness and the heavy night-dews of grief, hours of energy and hours of listlessness, moods of hope and moods of despondency, stumblings, fallings, risings again, loves and fears and hates, lay their colors silently upon us, with a precision that is never at fault, and a harmony that never errs. We think ourselves the same from year to year; that is because we forget what we have been in former years, and, conscious only of our present state, imagine that we always must have been as we are to-day. Others think us the same; that is because they do not know us well enough to perceive how the character of our being has been modified by Time. The Providence in the individual life, like the Lord's prayer on the gold dollar, is too finely engraved to be seen by the naked eye; but we confess a Providence in History. The race has had its changing epochs of experience, its ages of war and of peace, its bright centuries of movement, discovery, reform, renewal; and its dark centuries, when all the life retreated to its heart, and its harvest fields lay at the mercy of the storm winds; its periods of belief and of disbelief, its epochs of hope and its epochs of penitence bordering on frenzy and despair; and no man is wise enough to say which of all these moods has been most beneficial, which of all these experiences has been most salutary, which of all these alternations has contributed most to the result thus far reached. The vision of faith sees no dark ages, no deadly years, no epochs of decadence, no days to be marked black in the calendar. The dial of God numbers all the hours, and yet numbers only those that are bright. The believer in Providence never confesses that aught happens amiss, even as concerns the details of existence, and is sure that when the great mosaic of the world shall be uncovered to spiritual gaze, he shall see the glorious shapes of apostles and saints fashioned out of the broken bits of mortality.

By the light of such a faith let us glance back on the experiences of the year that is closing. There has indeed been a time in it for everything. It opened with a gloom as oppressive as that of death; it came in with a silence awful as that which precedes an eruption of Vesuvius; a suspense universal, agonizing, bewildering; no sound but the crash of falling houses, the suppressed roar of maturing rebellion, the mutterings of impatience, the low whispers of fear, suspicion, wrath; and the nation awaited, in hope or in terror, the going out of the old Administration and the coming in of the new, two months, every day of which was almost too big with fate to be carried through. As the eventful day drew near, the evil omens multiplied. The new President is smuggled into Washington to escape assassination. Weary negotiations, driving us almost distracted, followed the inauguration, to be ended by the sword which cut the knot that could not be untied. The guns from Sumter call the nation to arms. We start up as from moral graves; the air is breezy with banners; the stars shine at noon day, and the stripes warm the sunlight of the spring; cities, towns, villages ring with the strains of our Marseillaise; the tramp of our stern battalions rolls ceaseless through the Northern States. There is blood in Baltimore; a funeral procession in Boston; there is fever heat in Massachusetts and New York; there is free breath in Washington, and the haggard city smiles as the Seventh marches in. For a moment we stand on the Mount of Transfiguration, listening to the great voices, seeing the great forms, hardly knowing whether we woke or slept; but soon we are down again among the maniacs. There was Bethel—"house of God" only as it was consecrated by the death of Winthrop; worse yet, there was Manassas, at the news of which strong men became pale and stiff as marble, and noble women rolled on the floor in the agony of their shame. Who can ever forget that wild night, or the confused days that followed, or the summer weeks that followed, when there was no light for those who stood in the very eye of the sun, and no cheer for those who were blessed with all nature's ministrations; days of frightful conjecture, nights of terrible unrest, nights and days when people even prayed that they might die. The slow recovery came at last; faint flushes of hope gleamed in the nation's horizon; there was promise of advance, of victory. But the future, to the most hopeful eyes, looked blacker than ever; peace farther off, fighting longer and more desperate; the enemy more powerful, the crisis more tremendous, the issue more uncertain; the labor, the sacrifice, the sorrow more appalling to contemplate. Everything tangible was discouraging. Disaster hung on the heels of disaster; humiliation followed humiliation like a shadow; privateers swept the seas with impunity; traitors filled the government offices; spies lurked under officers' disguises in the camp; our next-door neighbors were in correspondence with the enemy; a man's foes were those of his own household. Chaos in the West; chaos on the Potomac; chaos in Washington; a united, laboring, patriotic Cabinet struggling like a great Samson in the toils of a demoralized public opinion; public opinion wrestling and striving with its own mingled elements. The monotony of confusion is broken by Ball's Bluff, with a new assortment of blunders, a new crop of imbecilities, a new outbreak of heroism, and a new army of martyrs. Chaos becomes more chaotic, as the word Emancipation begins to be whispered in camp and cabinet, and city; and no sooner are the forces mustered, than it seems as if they must fall asunder from sheer want of moral cohesion. Good heavens! What have we not suffered? What loss of money, what stagnation of industry, what decline in values, what rending of ties, what tearing apart of families, what loss of brave young men, from disease, from death-shot, from rotting captivity in Southern lazarettos. To whom is the Christmas season merry, or the New Year's season glad? Who can laugh and sing while so many weep? Men and women have grown old in these twelve months; stepping from middle life at one stride into years of decrepitude. Take down the festive wreaths, or let them symbolize immortality. Two days in a twelve month have been given to special fasting and prayer for sin; sins enumerated which did not exist, and sins which did exist not enumerated; the one sin of which the nation was guilty not being repented of, nor even marked for contrition, nor so much as mentioned at all by either President. O sign of the times more ominous and heart-breaking than any disaster! Shall I go on with the list of sadnesses? Shall I speak of the straits to which the government has been driven in self-defense? Shall I speak of the exercise of despotic power among ourselves—exercise necessary, perhaps, but because necessary all the more sad? What abysses of humiliation and sorrow to a lover of liberty are suggested to us by the sudden and arbitrary arrest of citizens in their houses, and their imprisonment without trial or examination; by the suspension of *habeas corpus*, by the suppression of newspapers, by the searching of mails and the opening of private letters of business at the whim of a Secretary, by the setting of spies about in public places; as if in all public places there was danger; as if in all public places there was treason; as if the very foundations of our social state were unsound. We may not be alarmed by all this as foreshadowing an overthrow of republican institutions; we may not resent it as savoring unpleasantly of European policy; we may not complain of it as an unwarrantable assumption of authority. On the contrary, we may excuse it as a last resort in an emergency of desperation; we may approve of it as done by the representatives of the people, who are honestly consulting, as well as they know how, the people's best interest; but we cannot help grieving over it, as we grieve at the necessity of the operation that is to save life at the risk of life. It is very sad, it is very humiliating; it is a thing that every American would wish to cover up, as one covers up a stain on his honor. Deep calleth unto deep; all the waves and billows have gone over us.

And then when we reckon up the result thus far, the causes for congratulation are not abundant. The enemy have been baffled, but we have not been victorious. The enemy have been baffled—baffled in their hope of foreign sympathy and aid—baffled in their calculation on Northern coöperation—baffled in their reckoning on the border States—baffled in their expectations from Maryland, Missouri, Kentucky—baffled in their endeavors to gain Washington—baffled in their financial and diplomatic schemes—baffled in their attempts to secure unanimity among themselves. But have we succeeded? "The harvest is passed, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." Nay, can any eyes but those of faith and hope see salvation near? Can any wit of man tell us what is the scheme by which salvation is to be secured? War exists, but as yet there is no frank acknowledgment of a state of war. There is a powerful enemy, but no recognition of him as an enemy. Generals there are, but no leaders; armies, but no operations. The North is armed, but it is an armed neutrality, rather than an armed crusade; it is marshalled in array of battle, but not for the extermination of its foe. The South is in arms that slavery may be perpetuated; the North is in arms, determined that slavery shall not be injured; two great armies diligently guarding the one stupendous wrong of the earth; two great armies of countrymen carefully guarding the dragon that has stung them both into fratricidal madness, and will sting them both to death! A prodigious fleet, hesitating to strike hard, lest it should hurt the enemy! and slow to follow up a victory, lest the victory should be too decisive! A civil war nine months old, and the cause of it not yet confessed! A struggle nine months old, and the one weapon which would put an end to it still in its sheath! Mighty efforts made to rally the Union sentiment, and an immense body of Unionists in the very heart of the enemy's country, not so much forgotten as ignored and repelled! Vast anxiety to secure the good will of England and France, and the one thing that, if it failed to secure their good will, would at all events disarm their ill-will, left wholly unsuggested! A menaced war with Great Britain, and every means of avoiding it thought of but the one means of throwing on that arrogant, voracious, canting Pharisee the supreme odium of forcing a war in order to establish a slave empire! Surely, here is a mass of sorrows—three hundred and sixty-five days packed with sorrows—sorrows of all kinds; sorrows of the outward lot, sorrows of the mind, sorrows of the heart, sorrows of the soul; anxiety under every form; discouragement under every form; a year all made up of winter days. Who shall analyze the immense mass of sorrow and resolve it into its private griefs? No one but the dear and merciful GOD. Meanwhile, the ordinary sadnesses of the earth have gone on in their wonted way; graves have been dug; the lights of home have gone out; dreams have faded from young and old hearts; hopes have disappeared; hearts have sickened and broken, and choked themselves with the ashes of their own expectations. I do not think I have painted the picture too darkly. I am sure I have not meant to exaggerate or heighten a single color which Providence has laid on the canvass. Examined in its outward aspect, the year's record is a sad one, and the year closes in a gloom almost as deep as that which shrouded its opening days.

But has the year brought nothing but sadness? Nothing but misgivings and fears—nothing but loss and disaster and defeat—nothing but farewells to the parting and wailings for the dead? Can any year be a year of sadness? Can any day? Students of history tell us that what we have long been accustomed to call the Dark Ages were only dark because the windows were darkened. Within, the fire-light and the lamp-light were burning still, and many a secret place was illuminated by a glory which was soon to break forth in a thousand places, and create the splendor of an altogether new day. If the year has been wholly dark, we may be sure that a bright year will come to balance it. If it had been wholly dark to our sight, there would be no wisdom in the dark views of it. Dark views of life and providence are always diseased views of life and providence. Despondency is a disease in itself, and it is the father of disease. Power and health dwell with the buoyant spirit. It is this that quickens the blood, sets us in working mood, puts us in the way of happy and helpful devices, cheers our battle with song. Woe be to the people who think that wisdom consists in the anticipation of trouble, and that goodness is contrition for sin. Woe be to the people who will make the brightest day dark, and the dark day darker, with imaginary clouds. If the year was desolate, it is done; if it was ruinous, it has not completely spoiled us; if it was deadly, it has left us alive; if it was hopeless, the more ground it has given us for hoping.

But has the year been desolate? Has it been ruinous? Has it been deadly and hopeless? Let us look at this. It is a belief of mine that God puts the whole of himself into every atom of the world. There is as much of him in a leaf as in a forest, in a pebble as in a planet, in a drop of water as in an ocean, in the whirling dust of the street as in the whirling systems overhead. He prints the whole of himself on the disk of every moment; the smaller the impression, the intenser the light. All his justice and all his mercy, all his terror and all his truth, all his judgment and all his beatitude, are compressed into every point of time and space. The Hebrews spoke of a Year of the Lord, a Day of the Lord. Every year is a year of the Lord. Every day is a Lord's day. For, while the storms have been raging thus over the upper surface of our existence, have not the everlasting currents of goodness been circulating through its lower depths? While the old sorrows have been going on—the doubts, and fears, and troubles—have not the old joys been going on too? Have not suns been shining, and rains falling, and harvests growing, and flowers blooming? Have not hearts been united, and the eternal romances of love been repeated as of old? Has not the world been freshly created still in the birth of children, in the outgoing of affection, in the new birth of the soul? Have not homes been made as well as broken up, and friends been gained as well as lost? Has not life been enriched in numerous ways, as well as in numerous ways impoverished?

> "How small, of all that human hearts endure,
> The part which laws or kings can cause or cure."

One of life's greatest lessons is the indifference of circumstances, where faith and hope and love are. A live heart is a great economist; it works up every shred and rag and end of experience into a royal robe, and uses the most miserable chances as fertilizers of its joy. What is party strife, what is civil war, national bankruptcy, revolution, to the private life of most of us? The happiness of private life depends on private virtue, and that is fed from deeper springs than government. If we did not read the papers, we should hardly know we were miserable. A German came to me with engravings. I said to him: "Your business must be small, in times like these?" "Yes," he said, "it is; war is a novelty to Americans; if they were as accustomed to it as we Europeans are, they would not mind it much." When the surface of the ocean is lashed into fury by a tempest, and the waves run, as we say, mountain high, the keel of the Great Eastern touches the level of calm water. God has not placed the content of the world in the hands of politicians. If the English warships were to sail unperceived into New York harbor, and force the city to capitulate, the mass of the people would never know it but for the newsboys in the morning, and it would matter little to them whether they knew it or not. Our life, if we would only think so, is supplied from everlasting fountains. Our root is in eternity; and year in, year out, war times or peace times, eternity is the same. I search myself to know what the bad year has taken from me. My heart answers, Nothing. What has it given me? Much. It has given thought, responsibility, duty, earnestness, a purpose in living, a purpose in speaking. It has brought me confidence, friendship, love; it has widened the range of my sympathies, it has deepened the tone of my prayers.

Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay. And as the fifty years of Europe to the cycle of Cathay, so have been these twelve months to the years of less eventful life.

There is a grand text of Paul: "Though the outer man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day." If we understand that text—if we believe there is any inward man—if we believe in such a thing as renewing, we have here the interpretation of this year's experiences, and we may behold them all lifted up into the light of God.

It is a great thing to have discovered our interior wealth. There is no healthy climate without a sharp winter. Summer is good, but the winter makes it what it is. Mankind will live like savages on the surface of existence, as long as they can, and will roam from pasturage to pasturage till the pasturage is exhausted; then, with the sweat of their brow, they till the ground, cursing the doom that makes them labor; but the doom that makes them labor makes them rich. The sharper we are driven back upon our centres, the stronger we are; and when we are driven back and back and back, until we can retreat no further, we find that we are reacting upon the infinite God, and the abyss into which we feared to fall was the Everlasting arms. "The more luggage a man has with him, the further, you may be sure, he is from home." I think, if we will look back on it honestly, we shall confess that this has been an unusually joyous year; not a happy year—not a gay or blithesome year—not a year of lazy luxury; but a year of very true and noble joy—a year of earnest thought on great questions—a year of great emotions and passions—a year when, if ever, we have prayed—when, if ever, we have found the hidings of an unmeasured power—when, if ever, we have confessed the being and the providence of God—when, if ever, we have felt the glow of a noble enthusiasm, and have been all alight within with the tingling sense of manhood—when, if ever, we have been conscious of a nature that was greater than our lot, and have panted to do what before we never dreamed of attempting. We have seen the souls of men in their eyes, this year—weeping, laughing, hungering, exulting, praying; and men who were supposed to have no souls lived in their souls. The strain that has been put upon us has been a discipline we shall not soon forget, and shall never outlive. Of all mortal joys, the joy of action is the most intense; indeed, there is no other joy. And the higher the action, the intenser the joy. Life is blessedness. The life of the lower nature we call pleasure—the blessedness of the bird and the butterfly. The life of the social nature we call happiness—the blessedness of the fortunate and successful. The life of the spiritual nature—activity in usefulness, care, duty—we call joy. And never, since we lived, has this activity been so intense. It matters little what calls it forth; as little does it matter amid what circumstances it is plied; always and everywhere that is joy; a life out of life and beyond it, as real and deep and kindling in peril as in safety, in distress as in tranquility, in poverty as in affluence; aye, in the very brink of death as in the full flush of life. And never since we lived has there been a year when this joy has been so universal and so rich. To be alive is to be joyous; and life is measured by quality, not by quantity. Not how long, how easy, how tranquil, how golden bright, but how *much*, and in what *kind*, is the question. Methuselah lived a thousand years. Jesus lived thirty. Doubtless Methuselah was eupeptic, moderate and well-to-do; and, doubtless, on New Year's Day he gave a grand dinner to his grandchildren and great-grandchildren to the thirtieth and fortieth generation; told them how he had succeeded in reaching his very green old age, what he ate, what he drank, how many miles he walked, how many hours he slept; and bade them do likewise, advised them to be temperate in all things, especially in working and thinking; to keep themselves unanxious; to let other people take care of themselves, and to be particularly careful to avoid the wear and tear of conscience and love. Jesus put his whole being into every act, crowded the eternities into the moments, died daily for his brothers and sisters, and said to his friends, "Would you have the life everlasting, do as I do; take up the cross." Methuselah is a name in the Hebrew Bible; Jesus is the power and victory of an endless life in the world's heart. Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay. Better one moment of Jesus than a thousand years of Methuselah! Thousands of women will bless the year that has given a noble field for woman's genius. Thousands of young men will bless the year that has given them a manly purpose in existence, and has substituted the camp for the club-room, the martial drill for the fashionable lounge, the excitement of dangerous adventure for the weary lassitude of dissipation.

Why, my friends, are we aware of the education we have been passing through this twelve-month past? All winter, millions of our people were daily pondering and discussing questions that lay at the very heart of our republican institutions. In the spring and early summer, the ethics of war came up, and the same millions labored with all their might to reconcile the precepts of Christianity with the duty of fighting. In the summer months they were set to learn the advantages of defeat, that hardest but most useful lesson in practical philosophy; and very knotty and pale their faces became as they studied it. When autumn came in, Providence laid before us a new problem, sterner and more repulsive yet—the problem of man's brotherhood—the problem of slavery as involved in the war—our duty towards the black race—the real cause of the war—the final issue of the war—the surest and swiftest method of bringing the war to a close. This problem has been discussing for four months with an intensity that has roused every thinking faculty to its utmost pitch of effort. For four months Providence has kept us daily face to face with the shadow of its own awful Justice, with the form of a great Duty, with the vision of a grand opportunity. For four months the Lord has been wrestling with us under the war-cloud, while the armies leaned on their arms and waited the issue of the struggle. That issue can hardly be doubtful, since in all popular revolutions the radical element succeeds in driving the conservative element to the wall. But, whether doubtful or not, one thing is not doubtful, and that is the ultimate moral effect of this great battle between Cotton and Conscience. We may come out of it worn and spent, bruised and broken; but we shall come out of it manlier men. God teaches us history by setting us making history, and in the experiences of these past months he has taught us more of our own revolutionary history than Hildreth and Bancroft and Sparks could tell. The guns of Sumter brought up from the depths of oblivion's sea the lost forms of our great ancestors, and their mighty shades have been seen moving among us. If we could erase the lines of thought which the year has traced on our minds, and could see those minds as they were a twelve-month ago, we should appreciate the education which God has been giving us, and should confess ourselves the wealthier by some of the noblest ideas that man can entertain. Of one thing I am very certain, that where one comprehended the significance of our institutions before, a thousand comprehend that significance now; that where one saw the cancer at their heart before, a thousand now see it clearly; that where one was ready before to use the surgeon's merciful knife, more than a thousand are praying that it may be used ere yet it be too late. And when I think of this, the sadness of the year is almost forgotten in its gladness. We honor the man who lives poor and works hard for years, in order to get an education. Let us be grateful if we, through suffering, can be taught the truth.

But this is not all nor best. Have we, in counting up the losses and gains of the year, forgotten the one gain, supreme above all, the gain in the spirit of sacrifice? I have not forgotten it, for it has been before my eyes all the time. I have seen the crosses planted and the glorified spirits ascending from them to the happy seats; I have seen the Abrahams bringing their boys to the altar, and the Marys standing tearless by the crosses where their boys hung lifeless. We have all seen young men leave father and mother, leave wife and child, leave fireside and fortune, and devote themselves not to their country merely, but to the principles without which their country would be to them no country. Not for fame, not for a career, not in the flush of animal spirits, but earnestly, simply, heroically, asking nothing better than to give themselves for what they honored and loved. There is nothing in Greek or Roman, in French or English history—nothing in the glowing legends of conscience, that are so precious in the memory of nations—nothing in the traditions of strenuous life, which like the prophet's buried bones raise to new life the very corpses that touch them—there is nothing in all this more beautiful, more touching, more ennobling, than these consecrations of our children. The year that convinces us there is such a spirit as this alive in us yet, the year that convinces us our best blood has not degenerated, the year that sprinkles heroisms all through its months, is not a year of sadness. We will dry our tears as we think of it, or let them flow in gratitude for favors such as these. The most eloquent voices are the voices that speak to us out of graves. Blessed is the time which is privileged to listen to the voices that speak from such graves as those of Winthrop and Lyon, and Lowell and Baker. Why, my friends, with such a spirit as this among us, anything may come and be welcome. The foundations of the deep may be broken up, the pillars of the State may be overturned; there will be new companies of pilgrims ready to cross the ocean prairies, and sow the seeds of new empire on the shores of the Pacific sea.

Thus, at the roaring loom of time, the angels of destiny stand ceaselessly driving the shuttles that carry the threads of life—pain and pleasure, gladness and sadness, gain and loss, blight and bloom. But, as fast as the web is woven, it is rolled up that human eyes may not see the pattern. Doubt not, faithful hearts, that every thread is there—and that the pattern when unrolled will be beautiful beyond your hope. You can only judge of the parts when you see the whole; and you can see the whole only from the point of eternity. Do not ask what the future may bring; it will bring what it always brings, the veiled Spirit of God, the shrouded problem of Destiny.

> "The Future hides in it goodness and sorrow,
> Press we still thorough;
> Naught that abides in it
> Daunting us onward."

Anything may come except defeat to the valiant, and loss to the faithful, and despair to the good. There may be a broken Confederacy or a restored Union. There may be peace with emancipation, or war without it; there may be a sudden return to prosperity, or a debt of $1,000,000,000, which shall beggar our children for generations. But the Future, with its kingdom of heaven, is within us—longer than this year or the next—and manly hearts will make a manly destiny.

I was looking the other day at Kaulbach's great fresco of the Destruction of Jerusalem. The scene was the Temple court. On the left, the terrible legions of Rome, irresistible as judgment, come in their steel array. On the right, the affrighted crowds rush in, shrieking, from the flames that consume the Temple building. The Roman eagle, "abomination of desolation," is planted by the great altar, before which, in despair, the High Priest is plunging a sword into his heart—beneath which the maidens are crouching in dread of the soldiers—over which hover the mighty prophets, on their faces the shadow of doom, and the avenging angels waving their swords of flame. The harps are broken, the treasures spilled, the sacred vessels strewn about for pillage. The sanctuary of a great nation is desecrated and overthrown. But forth at one side goes a little group, lovely and peaceful—a group of Christians, singing their hymn and reading their prophecy; children kneeling down and blessing them; angels of Faith, Hope and Love, bearing behind them the cup of communion. So the genius of a nation will ever leave its ruins, and by the power of its life build up new kingdoms and create new worlds.

THE PILGRIMS.*

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

GOOD friends, here assembled in pleasant array,
To honor the birth of that glorious day,
When the "Mayflower," stowing in cabin and hold
More burthens, by far, than her register told,
(A heavier cargo, and far richer freight,
Than was e'er underwritten in "Wall street," or "State,")
Gave forth from her bosom the puritan flock,
And set them safe down on that notable rock,
Which still, in despite of all wordy mutation,
Is Religion's fast anchor, and Freedom's foundation.

Good friends, pray allow me, a true Yankee blade
As e'er "whittled," or "guessed," or offered to "trade,"
A moment to speak in my free rhyming way,
Of the glorious Pilgrims we honor to-day.
Imprimis—they held as the cheapest of things
Those human inventions called "nobles" and "kings!"—
And reckoned a "deacon," themselves had appointed,
Much greater than one whom the Pope had anointed.

Thought Satan than surplices purer and whiter,
And a mite of God's grace of more might than a miter;
If their faces were long, their endurance was longer;
With prejudice strong, the head principle stronger,
If a scowl on their weather-worn forehead might lurk,
Remember their labor wa'n't holiday work!
They might well be allowed an occasional frown,
Who brought Freedom up and the Wilderness down!
A solemn demeanor was surely their right,
Who had nature and Satan and Indians to fight.
That the men had their faults, there's not the least doubt—
But let Vigilance carefully search them all out,
And let Prejudice double the figures, and then,
You still have remaining such models of men
As the world never saw, and will ne'er see again!

Let their enemies dwell on their faults as they may,
Be it *ours* to remember their virtues to-day.
Let us never forget how they suffered and wrought
For freedom of conscience and freedom of thought;
Let us never forget how they toiled for the prize
Which now—our own heritage—gladdens our eyes,
Whene'er we behold a "meeting-house" spire,
An academy-dome, or a factory fire:—
Whenever true Progress in matter or mind
Leaves Indolence stupidly gazing behind—
While she drives through the earth her imperial team,
O'er pathways of iron, with horses of steam,
And long e'er you hear her chariot's humming,
Bids the lightning proclaim "Clear the track! she is coming!"
There, see!—up aloft, with his hand on the rein,
There's a solemn old Puritan guiding the train!—
Forgive him his faults like a generous man,
You rival his goodness and strength—if you can!

* Recited at the dinner of the New England Society in New York, on Forefathers' Day.

PRAISE.—There is a commendation which affords me an exquisite satisfaction; I mean a commendation which flows from an unaffected love of goodness, and from a desire to confirm it. Such commendation confers more honor on those who give than on him who receives it, and shows him that he has a place, not in the admiration of a superficial mind, but in the affections of a good and pure heart. But to be "daubed with undiscerning praise," to have my frailties forced on my mind by being told that I have none, to receive a tribute which my heart disclaims, and which fills me with apprehension lest I have been a hypocrite, and have practiced concealment more effectually than most of my fellow-beings—this is indeed painful and humiliating.—*Channing.*

LIBERTY AND LAW.

(From a fine poem delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa [illegible] Harvard College, by E. J. CUTLER.)

O LAW, fair form of Liberty, God's light is on thy brow—
O Liberty, the soul of Law, God's very self art thou!
One the clear river's sparkling flood that clothes the banks with green,
And one the line of stubborn rock that holds the waters in.
Friends whom we cannot think apart, seeming each other's foe—
Twin flowers upon a simple stalk, with equal grace that grow—
O fair ideas, we write your names across our banner's fold;
For you the sluggard's brain is fire, for you the coward bold.
O daughter of the bleeding Past, O hope the Prophets saw,
God give us Law in Liberty and Liberty in Law!

MOSSES.

MY last ramble with my cousin was in a sub-alpine wood on the Spring End Farm, called Silkwood. She guided me thither in the hope of finding Feather mosses, which, she said, were particularly beautiful there: all this extensive family have curved fruit-stalks, and the urns are generally slightly bent; their fringe is double; the veil splits on one side, the stems are creeping and tufted; the lid is cone-shaped, and most of the species ripen their fruit in the winter or early in the spring. Marian produced a specimen of the Rusty Feather moss (*Hypnum plumosum*), which had been sent to her from Teesdale: its stems are branched, and the branches elongated. The Rough-stalked Feather moss she had found in Wiltshire (*H. rutabulum*); it is a showy moss, with procumbent stems, arched, and often rooting at the extremity; the leaves are pale green, concave, and pointed; and the fruit-stalk is very rough.

We came upon a lovely cushion formed of Swartz's Feather moss and the Prolonged Feather moss; they were not in fruit, but their feather-like branches, interlacing one another, made a beautiful carpet. The common Polypody thrust its fronds through this cushion, and luxuriated in its protection for its creeping roots. It reminded me of the old legend of the ferns and mosses being at warfare, when

> "The fern loved the mountain, the moss loved the moor,
> For the ferns were the rich, and the mosses the poor."

At this period each kept to its own locality, and the sun scorched the mosses, and dried the roots of the ferns, while the wind beat pittilessly upon them; but affliction brought both to their senses, and they agreed to help one another; so the tall ferns shielded the mosses from the sun, and the mosses protected the roots of the ferns from the wind, and kept them moist. The common Striated Feather moss (*H. striatum*) resembles those I have just mentioned; Marian found it in Wiltshire, on a hedge-bank between Monkton and Kingston Deverell, with fruit upon it in December. She had also the Long-beaked Feather moss (*H. ruscifolium*) from Castle Howard; it had arched stems, clustered branches, and a beaked lid. We found the Wall Feather moss (*H. murale*) growing on some rough stones in an exposed part of the wood; it is a delicate little moss, with short roundish branches; its leaves are broad and pointed, and the patches of it were pale green and shining.

A still more delicate species, the Creeping Feather moss (*H. serpens*), grew on that same heap of stone; it has tiny spreading leaves and oblong curved urns. Our attention was next arrested by a cushion of large branched moss, every leaf of which seemed as clean, and bright, and glossy, as if newly washed; the erect stems were simply branched, the branches curved slightly, and the roundish, closely-overlapping leaves so arranged as to make the branches round, while the turned back points of the leaves gave them a bristly appearance; the urns were oval, and placed at right angles with the foot-stalk. There was such a puritanical appearance of propriety about the whole plant, or rather congregation of plants, that I rejoiced to know the name to be the Neat Feather moss (*H. purum*). Although it is a very common moss, it is rarely found in fruit, so that we justly regarded it as a treasure.

Certainly these Feather mosses exhibit a wonderful variety of contour, each one a separate and exquisite form of beauty. One cannot regard them without wondering at the amazing bounty of the Creator, who has lavished such grace and richness upon these humble plants. When we consider that He ordered the form of each dainty branchlet, hardly visible to the naked eye, it no longer seems a truth hard to be believed that "even the very hairs of our head are all numbered."

From early childhood I have loved one moss in particular; and I believe that my taste in this respect is shared by very many, both of old and young. I loved the Tamarisk Feather moss (*H. tamariscinum*), while yet wholly ignorant of the nature of any plant; when I could not better describe my preference than by saying, "There is one moss I like, and one I don't like." The varying color of its foliage, shading from yellow to myrtle green; the rich luxuriance of its branches, laid one over another like the feathers on the breast of a bird; the delicate arrangement of its myriad of tiny leaves, won my love then, and keep it still, when hundreds of moss beauties might divide my allegiance.

Here it is now, making the loveliest of moss cushions in the wood; there is no fruit on it, nor has Marian ever found any. The Triangular-leaved Feather moss was there too (*H. triquetrum*); it is familiar to most people as the moss generally used in packing. You buy it in London dyed a coarse color; and you see it fastened to paper flowers to represent the calyx leaves. It is a handsome moss; its stems grow five or six inches high, and its triangular leaves turn back; this moss also is but rarely found in fruit; our Silkwood plants, however, bore abundant urns.

We now produced our Clink Bank specimens. One large moss had branched pinnate stems; the leaves were spreading, and had long points; the urn, which was over-ripe, even when we gathered it two months before, was reddish-brown, cylinder-shaped, and curved, and the fruit-stalk was crimson. The dripping of the rock had coated the delicate stems with lime; Marian decided it to be the Curled-leaf Feather moss (*H. commutatum*).

We were about to leave the wood, when I observed a mat of what I imagined to be a dead moss; the leaves were arranged on each side the stem, so as to present a flat surface; they were large and oval, and much waved and crisped; in color it resembled a Bog-moss. A great number of chesnut-colored urns garnished the spare interlacing branches; these were dry, having been ripe in May, and were furrowed. Marian assured me that the whitish color was as much a mark of the Waved Feather moss (*H. undulatum*), as the form of the leaves or the stripes on the urn.

There are a vast number of species in this overgrown family—nearly a hundred of them, I believe; but Silkwood did not offer any more of them, and we had not time to search further.

I gladly promised Marian to pay a Christmas visit to Yorkshire, at which time, she said, we should find more mosses in fruit than at present. It is one of the great advantages in this group of plants, that they are in perfection when flowers and ferns have retired for the winter. As long as the weather remains open, mosses incerease in beauty; and after a snow-storm and many a cruel frost, the relenting breezes and soft rains of February soon succeed in reviving them. All moss collectors should preserve several specimens of each species which they are fortunate enough to find, as, now that the study of these plants is so greatly on the increase, they are sure ere long to meet other collectors who are very glad to accept or to exchange.

No wonder that the study of mosses is becoming popular, for it is an insensible mind indeed which has not taken pleasure in them from childhood. To step upon moss-covered ground sends a thrill of delight to many a heart, the attention of which has never been given for a moment to Monocotyledons, or Dicotyledons, or Acotyledons; and who is there that cannot call to mind the refreshment of throwing themselves down upon a moss bank, such as Wordsworth describes?

> "Here, traveller, rest thee, for the sun is high,
> And thou art old and weary. It is sweet
> To find at noon a moorland bank like this,
> To press its luxury of moss, and bid
> The hours fleet by on burning wing."

I remember finding a famous mathematician standing rapt in delight while beholding a group of rocks covered with moss and lichens, and I have often seen little children dance for joy at sight of a mossy hillock.

> "Why should greenness charm the eye?
> Such is God's good will!"

Surely, while we admire this exquisite portion of God's handiwork, our hearts must break forth in the holy song, "Oh, all ye green things upon earth, bless ye the Lord: praise him and magnify him forever."—*Plues's Rambles in Search of Mosses.*

MEMORIALS OF MILTON.—Professor Masson is not yet forthcoming with the second volume of his "Life of Milton." The book collectors and autograph fanciers are talking of the great poet just now, apropos of the issue of a magnificent volume by Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson, containing a series of facsimiles and electro-printed copies of Milton's handwriting. This book is not, I believe, for sale; but copies have doubtless, ere this, reached the libraries at Cambridge. The late Mr. Sotheby spent some years upon it, and had finished only just before he died. Specimens are given of Milton's writing from his signature as Bachelor of Arts in the Graduation Book of Christ's College, Cambridge, Jan., 1762, down to the peculiar formation of his letters when he was nearly blind.—*Lon. Cor. of The Camb. Indep't Press.*

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